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RALPH S. KELLEY, Chief of the Field Division of the United States General Land Office with headquarters at Denver, has resigned his position in a letter sharply attacking the Department of the Interior for its administration of the Colorado oil-shale fields. Mr. Kelley declares that these 800,000-acre fields contain more than 40,000,000,000 barrels of oil, worth at least as many dollars, and that "the large oil interests are endeavoring to secure titles by fraud and failure to comply with the requirements of the United States mining laws." He charges that although his office has submitted to the department during the past five years a large number of detailed reports on the activities of these companies, "yet I can scarcely recall an instance during that period that the demands of the oil men have not received favorable consideration by the Secretary of the Interior, nor instances in which the rights of the public have been upheld." Secretary Wilbur, declining to comment specifically on Mr. Kelley's charges, is reported as declaring that "practically all he says is nonsense." Unhappily, the history of the Interior Department under various Western secretaries sharing more or less the pioneer point of view that the important thing to do with natural resources is to get them developed on almost any terms is filled with cases in which mineral and timber resources of immense value have been turned over to private claimants for utterly inadequate compensation or no compensation at all. We trust that Secretary Wilbur will not content himself with a blanket denial, but will seek without delay a sifting of Mr. Kelley's charges, in order that no shadow of question, even by those of us who disagree with his policies, may overhang his administration of the department. With the rich prizes always at stake, the Department of the Interior cannot fail to profit by constant and rigid public scrutiny of both its policies and its administration.

THE NYE COMMITTEE has dug up some highly interesting facts about the primary campaign against Senator Norris. George W. Norris, the young grocer whose trick filing against the Senator was frustrated only by a court decision holding that his papers had arrived too late, and his lawyer, A. Paul Johnson, after previously telling another story to the committee, testified that Grocer Norris's candidacy was instigated and financed, as far as it went, by Victor Seymour, who has been handling the Republican Senatorial campaign in the West. Miss Esther Alton, secretary to Mr. Seymour during the primary campaign, testified in detail to his activities against Senator Norris and stated that his office was maintained by checks that came regularly "from the East." The primary campaign over, the checks ceased coming, and Mr. Seymour left Lincoln for Denver to handle the Republican Senatorial campaign. Mr. Seymour, who had previously testified to his entire innocence of any knowledge of Grocer Norris's candidacy, issued a blanket denial from Denver and offered to appear before the committee at any time after November 15. Senator Moses and Senator Fess, according to a *World* dispatch, "do not know Victor Seymour." The amount of ignorance displayed in connection with this affair is touching. The Loyal Republican Club, consisting of two men, sent out during the campaign scurrilous literature connecting Senator Norris with Tammany. Its secretary, testifying before the Nye committee, understood Tammany to be "some sort of a Catholic domain somewhere in the East," while the other member, the president, described it with startling accuracy as "some sort of a club formation in New York that is a real political organization, with welfare as a side line." Mr. Seymour has resigned his position with the Republican Senatorial committee and Senator Nye announces that United States District Attorney Sandall, of Omaha, is prepared to bring perjury charges against him.

A PRETTY PIECE of diplomacy was consummated when Nicholas Roosevelt decided that he did not, after all, want to go to Manila as Vice-Governor of the Philippines and when Mr. Hoover, accordingly, designated him Minister to Hungary instead. Mr. Roosevelt's was a recess appointment to the Philippines, following the refusal of the Senate to consider his name at the last session, and from the time he was suggested it was plain that he would be persona non grata to the Filipinos. His book, "The Philippines, a Treasure and a Problem," was publicly burned at a demonstration in Manila last August, and more formal protests were repeatedly made against his incumbency. It

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was pointed out that Mr. Roosevelt had declared himself as opposed to independence for the islands and had expressed very decided sentiments on the inferiority of the Filipino race. It would have been even more diplomatic if Mr. Hoover had considered these matters before sending in Mr. Roosevelt's name to the Senate. But once the appointment was made and found unpopular, it was sensible to accept his resignation and give him another post. One is grateful that neither Mr. Roosevelt himself nor the President is going to insist on seeing through a relationship that would make the United States seem even more of a bully with small nations. And one can only wish that Mr. Roosevelt's Hungarian ministry may be felicitous both for himself and for the people to whom he will be sent.

WILL THE GOLD SUPPLY run short? The gold delegation of the League of Nations financial committee in a report just published indicates the possibility of a shortage of new gold for monetary purposes by 1934. The question is highly technical; the practical consequences involved are of the utmost seriousness. Gold shortage means falling prices, which historically has meant business depression and hard times. In fact, one important group of economists attributes our present difficulties in no small measure to the effect of gold shortage on prices. During recent years much progress has been made toward economy in the use of gold, especially through a more skilful use of reserves by banks, but despite such economies the experts still fear a shortage. Public thinking on the money question has made much progress since the good old days of 1896, when our fathers settled the problem forever as they thought by voting for honest money, that is, gold; but we are not ready and perhaps never shall be for that purely scientific money system which would be entirely independent of the value of any metal. Until that day comes we shall continue to worry our heads about the question whether we can dig enough gold out of the earth and manage it skilfully enough to keep prices from changing sharply. While the Western world is alarmed by the danger of an increasing value of gold, China and the other silver-using countries find their business prostrated by the unprecedented low price of the white metal, which makes trade with the gold-using countries well-nigh impossible. While most of us never think about it, the money question affects fundamentally and constantly the well-being of everyone in all the civilized countries of the world.

FOR UNRESTRICTED RADICALISM give us the business man. Speaking recently before the Boston conference on retail distribution, Rudolph Spreckels, president of the Sugar Institute, urged as a means of overcoming the existing depression a system of government control of industry and allocation of output comparable to that which existed during the war. "Immediate steps," said Mr. Spreckels, "should be taken by our government to regulate competition as it did during the World War. By allocating to each manufacturing company its legitimate share of the existing demand and requiring them to sell at a price fair to consumers which will insure a reasonable profit, confidence would be quickly restored." We suspect that Mr. Spreckels has perhaps not troubled himself to work out completely all the implications and the necessary consequences of a program such as he suggests. None the less, it is interesting t note the recognition by a prominent business man of th necessity in troublous times like these for an organizatio and control of business such as profit-making private group are themselves unable to accomplish unaided.

TAMMANY TESTIMONY about political crookedness in New York City would probably make extremely interesting reading just at this time, and Governor Roosevelt seems bent upon bringing some of it out. In a letter to Mayor Walker he has denounced as "contrary to sound public policy" the refusal of a number of the city officials to waive immunity when called before the special grand jury which is investigating the alleged sale of judgeships and other offices, and has asked the Mayor to suggest to "these gentlemen" that they change their minds and "freely answer all questions relating to their official acts." Mayor Walker, who has lately developed an exalted state of mind about corruption in general and Tammany corruption in particular, has promptly announced his agreement with the Governor's "purpose" and declared that the suggestion "will be carried out promptly." What the interchange of amenities means is that the Tammany organization is under one of the darkest clouds in its history, that a number of its leading members appear determined to do all they can to make the investigation that has been launched a fizzle, and that Governor Roosevelt is insisting that the opposition shall cease and the whole truth be made known. The fact that the political scandals already unearthed in New York reflect seriously upon the morality of Governor Roosevelt's party, and that his own political fortunes cannot help being affected by the disclosures, makes his summons to Mayor Walker the more praiseworthy.

THROUGH THE DOWNFALL of Chancellor Johann Schober, the strong man who was to have been the savior of the Austrian Republic, Austria appears to have taken its place alongside Germany in facing a period of political hard times during the coming winter. Schober was in power just a year, having been elevated from the post of police president of Vienna to that of Chancellor of the Republic in September, 1929, at a time when civil war was threatening Austria. His firmness, his refusal to be bluffed by the Heimwehr, the military machine of the Right extremists, ended the threat. It was presumed that his inflexibility, his moderation, and most particularly his foreign support would serve to keep him in power and to bring about some semblance of order and progress in the Republic. He was rewarded with a certain measure of public order, and the financial position of the government did show improvement under his rule, but by changing their tactics from open threats of violence to purely political maneuvers his enemies, the fascist-Clerical extremists, have finally unseated him. It was not the embarrassing legislation that the Christian-Socialist (Clerical) Party in alliance with the fascist group tried to force upon Schober that finally led to his resignation, but it was the demand of the Clerical-fascist combination that the government accept a Heimwehr leader, Dr. Trafelia, as general manager of the state railways. This young fascist, curiously enough, is an adherent of the anti-Clerical wing of the Heimwehr, which has announced its opposition to ex-Chancellor Seipel and to Dr. Karl Vaugoin,

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who will probably be asked to form a new government. Thus there are already indications of trouble ahead for the next Cabinet. What other immediate results the Schober downfall may have are rather problematical, although it appears certain that the faith foreign capitalists and governments had in Schober-governed Austria will largely disappear.

OUR AFFECTION for Heywood Broun, Socialist candidate for Congress, is strong enough even to withstand his arrest as a would-be picket in the New York dress strike, his ride to the station house in a taxi in the company of a policeman, and his subsequent speedy release, with handshaking all around. But we do not think this sort of thing helps the labor movement and we are not sure it will get Mr. Broun any votes. To do him justice, he probably was not thinking of votes when he did it; his campaign managers may have been, but he undoubtedly went out to join the parade of dress-strike pickets because he believed the strikers should be supported by every honest man. Mr. Broun is like that. But the fact is that pickets are not ordinarily so tenderly treated by policemen nor do they as a rule hear the charge against them dismissed so promptly. In getting himself arrested Mr. Broun obscures the issue. The question of the right to picket is not advanced one jot by his genial meeting with the police, nor will any common or garden variety of picket be any better treated next time as a result of his temporary incarceration. Mr. Broun can do more for picketing by writing about it in his column than by demonstrating how pleasant the police can be when it seems expedient.

"WAR GUILT" is the title given by the *World Tomorrow* to a questionnaire sent out to some four hundred odd "leaders of public opinion," the results of which are summarized in the October issue. Out of 429 professors, college presidents, editors, social workers, clergymen, labor leaders, lawyers, business men, and military and naval officers who were asked: Do you believe that Germany and her allies were *solely* responsible for causing the World War? 364 replied in the negative. Whether or not this means that wisdom came to some of these persons with knowledge of how propaganda for wars is created we do not know. Many of those whose names the *World Tomorrow* gives are well-known pacifists who never thought otherwise. But more interesting than the replies to this question of war guilt are the all but incredible quotations the *World Tomorrow* prints from the war-time utterances of public men. Beginning with Elihu Root and going all the way down to Newell Dwight Hillis, there stands a record of shame that it is salutary to be reminded of. Fifteen years after the fact, we need not soberly considered answers to questionnaires, but these frenzied outcries against a neighbor nation to tell us that we must not let this happen again.

THE FAILURE of John S. Sumner's complaint against "Casanova's Homecoming" is important not only for the result itself but for the principles on which Magistrate Gottlieb based his decision. Holding the novel not to be obscene, he declared:

> The book is not to be judged . . . by the standard of mid-Victorian days, but . . . by the standards prevailing at the present time. . . . The standards of life today as to plays and books, and the very habits of the people, have so changed that what was regarded as obscene and immoral yesterday is today reckoned as being in proper taste.

Magistrate Gottlieb also took into consideration the opinions favorable to the book expressed by such writers as H. L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser, Heywood Broun, and Sinclair Lewis, and by the *Times, Evening World,* New York *Telegram, Herald Tribune,* and *The Nation.* The court, he held, could not "brush aside the comments of leaders in their field . . . and substitute a prudish opinion in place of . . . liberal ideas." So long as Section 1131 of the penal law remains on the books, it is to be hoped that the courts will continue to give it this interpretation. The tendency in recent years has been, in fact, for them to do so, and "Casanova's Homecoming" merely joins "Madeleine" and "The Well of Loneliness" in the imposing string of Mr. Sumner's failures. Indeed, as counsel for Simon and Schuster, the present defendants, pointed out:

> In not a single case brought to the courts by the Vice Society during the last fifteen years have the courts ultimately suppressed a book which had been openly sold by the publisher, openly accepted by the press, openly commended by institutions of learning, and openly sold by the book trade.

DYING AT NINETY, Henry Phipps lived through the rise of young America from a struggling country of 17,000,000 people which hugged the Eastern seaboard and straggled only vaguely toward the Mississippi River to its present position as one of the great Powers of the earth. He was beginning to lay the foundations for his great fortune acquired in the steel industry before the Civil War had begun; he saw, or he could have seen, the struggles of Reconstruction, the fierce battles between the railroad giants, the winning of the West, the rise of industry to magnificent and unheard-of heights. Associated almost from the beginning of his career with Andrew Carnegie, he helped create the power that is now the United States Steel Corporation. His fortune was estimated at something like $80,000,000 when he retired from active business in 1914. Many millions of it he had given away—for the study and treatment of disease, notably for the establishment of the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins University, for the erection of model tenements, for many other things which contributed to the amelioration of human suffering and privation. He was a modest, shy little man, who liked to give away his money unostentatiously, without publicity, even in many cases secretly. In 1900 he built himself a splendid mansion on Fifth Avenue—and it has already given place to a skyscraper apartment house. It is perhaps significant of the fact that the era he represented is over.

WITH THIS ISSUE Mauritz A. Hallgren joins the staff of *The Nation* as associate editor. Mr. Hallgren began journalistic work on the Chicago *Daily News.* After serving on the staff of three other Middle Western newspapers he went to Washington, where for some years he covered the State Department for the International News Service and the United Press. From 1928 to 1930 he was a member of the Berlin staff of the United Press. He brings to *The Nation* a wide and varied experience in newspaper work and an unusual knowledge of foreign affairs.

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The Soviet Sphinx

SECRETARY HYDE emerges with small credit from the fracas in the wheat pit. Even the newspapers declined to take seriously his grotesque suggestion that the Russians were trying to break wheat prices in order to foment discontent among our farmers; yet it is possible that the Secretary's maneuvers have not been wholly unsuccessful. If low wheat prices can be coupled in the popular mind with Russia in particular rather than with the world wheat situation in general, then resentment at Russia may take the place of calm understanding of the true facts, and that might not be wholly disadvantageous to Mr. Hyde's political associates. Three things ought to be clearly understood.

First, what the Russians are charged with is an ordinary business operation, carried on daily by every big dealer in speculative commodities. The Russian government, which, it must be remembered, monopolizes foreign trade, is exporting to other countries a considerable quantity of wheat, estimated at from 40,000,000 to as much as 100,000,000 bushels. One of its business agencies here, the All-Russian Textile Syndicate, on September 9, 10, and 11, sold for future delivery on the Chicago Board of Trade some 7,765,000 bushels of wheat, if we may accept the official Russian statement of dates and amounts. Apparently anticipating a further fall in price, which has actually occurred, the Russian agency did exactly what any professional trader would have done, that is, sold short. It sold at the going price wheat that it did not have, expecting to be able before it was called on to make delivery to buy at a lower price the grain required to make good the contract. According to market rumors, it has already covered these contracts in considerable part at the lower prices of the past few days. If it has not yet done so, it must buy before delivery date comes around. How have its operations affected prices? In sober fact, scarcely at all, because the amounts involved were so small a part of a daily turnover on the Board of Trade averaging 60,000,000 bushels. But so far as they had any effect, they tended to depress prices slightly on the three days when the Russians sold, and to raise them on the days since, when they have been buying.

Second, leaving this small speculative transaction aside as relatively unimportant, there is no reason whatever for isolating Russian wheat exports and holding them responsible for present low prices. They are one among the many conditions of world demand and supply. The visible supply in the United States, 202,000,000 bushels, is the largest ever known. We have a bigger crop than last year, and indications are that our exports will be smaller than a year ago. The Farm Board is holding over the market a stock estimated at 60,000,000 bushels. The Canadian wheat pool, which for once apparently misjudged the probable course of prices, is supposed to have carried over into the present crop year (beginning July 1) not less than 100,000,000 bushels. These are simply two or three among the many conditions responsible for present low prices. Russian exports play a part, but by no means a dominant one. Sensible men will see them in true proportion.

This brings us to the third point, and the important one. What is actually going to be the situation of Russia in world economy if and when the present plans of her rulers are in fact carried through? With foreign trade a government monopoly, and with agricultural and industrial production under government control, is not Russia going to be able to dump goods of all kinds on the world market at prices that will ruin producers in other countries? Some such fear animates the panicky talk of today, and lies behind Senator Oddie's hysterical proposal for an embargo on Russian wheat, manganese, coal, lumber, pulp wood, gelatine, and glue. American farmers, for example, are likely to read with concern Louis Fischer's account elsewhere in this issue of the great Russian state farms and the plans for their future. It is fear of Soviet success that alarms Western farmers and industrialists alike.

But in all these matters it is necessary to utilize common sense and sober economic analysis. It must not be forgotten that even a completely communist state, just like a capitalist one, would sell abroad only in order to buy; it would export those things for which it had comparative natural advantages in order to import others, just as Russia today is exporting wheat, manganese, lumber, and pulp wood in order to import machinery and other goods that it can get more advantageously abroad. It is only a silly panic that looks forward to a powerful communistic state going about like a roaring lion seeking to destroy the lambs of capitalistic enterprise by dumping its cheap products of all kinds on them. Communists, with all their eagerness for world revolution, have no more enthusiasm than the rest of us for giving their goods away to foreigners, and nobody except those lunatics who imagine that it is possible for the United States to sell everything abroad and buy nothing ought to fancy that the Russians ever could or would do the same thing. A communist state particularly will sell abroad only in order to buy.

Further, it ought to be remembered that it is just the present desperate need of the Russian government for foreign credits in order to get the goods it needs that has made it willing to sell its wheat and other commodities at sacrifice prices if need be. If the need for such credits is lessened, as it will be if the Russian industrial program meets with success, then the danger of foreign industry's being obliged to meet the competition of Russian goods at slaughter prices will be by so much lessened. Again, it must be remembered that the Russians today are almost inconceivably poor. If their rulers should in fact be successful in raising the standard of living materially, there would be made possible a great expansion of profitable trade between Russia and the capitalistic states. No one can tell today whether the Russian experiment is going to succeed or not. We must frankly face the fact that even a qualified success would present us with new problems in trade relations, but we ought to face those problems without panic. We ought to realize that the basic principles of international trade will remain unchanged, even if a communist state is one of the traders, and that honest trade is a matter of mutual advantage.

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The Collapse of the A. F. of L.

By LOUIS STANLEY

HAS the American Federation of Labor outlived its usefulness? The festive fiftieth annual convention of the A. F. of L. which opens in Boston on October 6 may supply the answer. There is a simple test for the effectiveness of the A. F. of L. Its primary job is to organize. The extent to which it does organize or maintain organization is the measure of its worth.

The function of the American Federation of Labor is to provide that aid in unionizing the workers of America which a central organizing machine can render. This aid it can give, and has in its time given effectively, in two ways: first, it can send out its organizers to induce wage earners to form local unions affiliated directly with the A. F. of L. until such time as these locals are strong enough to form national or international unions of their own trade; secondly, it can serve as the agency through which any one of the nationals or internationals of which the federation is composed may draw upon the resources of all the other affiliated unions in time of distress. In the first instance, it is creating a supply of local unions out of which to form internationals, as both nationals and internationals are indiscriminately called; in the second, it is strengthening the internationals already in existence. How has the American Federation of Labor accomplished these ends?

From 1890, when statistics were first published, to 1929, the latest year for which a report is available, the A. F. of L. issued charters to almost 12,000 directly affiliated locals. The record by decades is as follows:

DIRECTLY AFFILIATED LOCALS CHARTERED AND ORGANIZERS' EXPENSES, 1890-1929

Years	*Charters Issued*	*Organizers' Expenses*
1890-1899	2,289	.....
1900-1909	4,911	$505,963.07
1910-1919	2,949	840,661.50
1920-1929	1,532	1,644,063.99
Total	11,681	$2,990,688.56

Between 1890 and 1899 organization work of the American Federation of Labor was on a voluntary and part-time basis. Business was slow to recover from the depression of 1893 and much energy was spent by the A. F. of L. in combating its rival, the Knights of Labor. Yet during this period more than 2,000 locals were created and chartered by the federation. In 1900, for the first time, sufficient funds were available to keep full-time organizers in the field. During the first decade of this century the number of charters issued was more than doubled, most of the gain occurring in the first four or five years. In 1903, the peak was reached when 1,139 locals received charters. President Gompers's reports to the convention during these years breathe a spirit of militancy and pride in what the central organizing machinery was achieving.

During the next ten years, despite the scarcity of labor resulting from the World War and the government's mobilization of workers into the trade unions for the improvement of production, there was a further decline in the number of charters issued. The record of the past decade is even worse. In 1920 the post-bellum peak was reached with 770 charters. Then came the business crash. In 1921 only 211 charters were issued and in 1922 the number fell to 71. Since that time the number of charters granted to directly affiliated locals in recent years has reached paltry figures: in 1923, 98; in 1924, 70; in 1925, 66; in 1926, 52; in 1927, 69; in 1928, 65; and in 1929, 60.

The A. F. of L. organization machinery has practically collapsed. A. F. of L. organizers have forgotten how to organize. They may be effective as lobbyists, negotiators, or public speakers, but their usefulness in the grueling task of organizing the unorganized has almost ceased This is forcefully shown by the figures for the organizers' accounts, which appear by decades since 1890 in the accompanying table. In 1900, when full-time work was begun, organization expenses amounted to $16,399.69. During that year 734 locals became affiliated with the A. F. of L. In 1920 the largest sum in the history of the A. F. of L.—$285,584.45—was spent on organizing 770 locals. In 1929 organization expenses remained at a respectable sum, $125,357.26. The number of locals organized, however, dropped to 60. We know that the saturation-point in organization work is still far away. Unionization of American workers has declined from 20 to 10 per cent in the past decade. The basic industries are untouched. Evidently the strenuous work that the well-paid organizers for the A. F. of L. are doing is not in the field of organization.

What this means in terms of building up the national or international unions in the American Federation of Labor can best be realized by an analysis of the relevant statistics. From 1896, when the A. F. of L. may be said to have superseded the Knights of Labor as the central body of organized labor, to 1929 the federation granted charters to 151 national or international unions. Of this number three-fifths had been formed out of directly affiliated local unions. Or to look at the matter from another viewpoint, there were 105 national or international unions in the A. F. of L. in 1929. At least two-fifths of these had originated in locals formerly chartered by the American Federation of Labor, most of the others having been founded before the existence of the A. F. of L. or in the years when it was trying to displace the Knights of Labor. In other words, there have been no new national unions in unorganized fields because the process of pushing the organization of locals of unorganized workers has stopped.

In the old days the American Federation of Labor might even revoke the charters of directly affiliated locals if those locals refused to join the national union of their trade. Today the A. F. of L. does not encourage the efforts of locals to unite into nation-wide organizations. There is a score of local unions of stenographers, bookkeepers, and office clerks. The unionization of the clerical workers is urgent not only because of the genteel exploitation of these "white-collar slaves," but also because of the strategic position they occupy in modern industry. Nevertheless, their

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request to form a national union has been denied. The neckwear makers, consisting of three locals in New York City, have at various times formed locals in other cities as a pressing necessity in their struggle against the "runaway shops." They have asked in vain to be chartered as an international union. The International Pocketbook Workers' Union, which in spite of its optimistic title was but a directly affiliated local of the A. F. of L., organized locals in several cities in order to control the out-of-town trade. It was refused an international charter. In recent months it has been able to achieve partial autonomy by affiliating with the defunct United Leather Workers and paying enough monthly tribute to support the officials of the international which is lucky enough to possess an A. F. of L. charter.

One of the most interesting cases is that of the Pullman porters, who organized in 1925 as the Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters and after heroic battles established locals at various railroad centers. The brotherhood made repeated attempts to gain admission into the A. F. of L. Finally, after its organization campaign had slumped, the porters were permitted to enter. But under what conditions? The Brotherhood of Sleeping-Car Porters was broken up into its constituent locals and these received separate charters from the A. F. of L. as directly affiliated locals. In 1918 the United Automobile, Aircraft, and Vehicle Workers, as it came to be known, was expelled from the federation because it refused to distribute its membership among the craft unions which claimed jurisdiction over automobile manufacturing. This destroyed the possibility of tackling this basic industry by the method of industrial unionism, and therefore eliminated any chance there was of organizing the workers therein. The union as an independent organization languished, and when there was hardly anything left of it the A. F. of L. in 1929 consented to charter the two or three remaining locals as direct affiliates.

This astonishing record of neglect or even sabotage is usually accounted for by the A. F. of L. on grounds of overlapping of jurisdiction or smallness of size of the local unions. These reasons are inadequate. The federation officials, were they so inclined, could overcome the jurisdictional obstacles, for the vested interests involved have been weak. If they cannot, it is only condemnatory of the craft unionism of the A. F. of L. Insufficient membership is but a pretext. The unions of clerical workers, the neckwear makers, the pocketbook makers, the Pullman porters, and the automobile workers number their respective members in the thousands. In 1929 there were affiliated with the A. F. of L. fifteen national or international unions which had less than a thousand members.

No, a determining factor in keeping these large local unions in their present state of disorganization is the revenue which the American Federation of Labor derives from them. The locals pay 35 cents per member per month, while the internationals pay 1 cent. The locals pay 25 per cent of their initiation fees, but a minimum of one dollar, while the internationals contribute no portion of their initiation fees. The locals pay one dollar for every reinstated member, while the internationals go scot-free. Every time a directly affiliated local becomes part of an international the A. F. of L. loses for every member 34 cents minus the 12½ cents which is placed in a defense fund for the locals, or 21½ cents.

How important are the directly chartered local unions to the A. F. of L.? Their membership was 25,286 in 1928 or .0087 per cent of the total membership of 2,986,063; yet they paid 20 per cent of the entire per capita tax received by the A. F. of L., excluding the sums going into the defense fund. Their membership in 1929 dropped to 21,704 or .0074 per cent of the federation membership of 2,433,545, but they paid 13.5 per cent of the per capita tax. Including the 12½ cents earmarked for the defense fund, and the initiation and reinstatement fees, the locals paid $114,554.31 in 1928 and $98,995.74 in 1929. The internationals' contribution was $267,850.50 in 1928 and $373,573.24 in 1929. The puny membership of the local unions paid to the A. F. of L. more than 40 per cent of the amount paid by the comparatively immense membership of the internationals. In 1929 it contributed more than 25 per cent.

If it should be argued that the American Federation of Labor must charge the directly affiliated local unions more than the internationals because it serves in the capacity of a national or parent body to the locals, the facts belie the allegation. Local unions expect little help from the A. F. of L. In time of strike or lockout red tape restricts their actions and the A. F. of L. frowns upon their easy resort to the defense fund for help. In 1928 only two locals, involving eighty-six members, drew upon the defense fund; in 1929 only seven locals with a total membership of 100. As a consequence the unused moneys in the fund have accumulated until last year they amounted to $278,678.64.

It is this fund which enables the A. F. of L. to conceal its financial weakness. It can report a balance of $334,560.57, though actually it has only $55,881.93 unencumbered for any emergency that might present itself. With this petty sum at its disposal the central body of organized labor must face the accumulated millions of the United States Steel Corporation, the General Motors, and the textile barons of the South.

The international unions have no common defense fund at all. As has already been pointed out, they pay only one cent per member per month to the central organization. When these unions are in distress, the A. F. of L. can do but two things: (1) it can place an assessment upon the internationals of one cent per capita per week for no more than ten weeks in any one year; and (2) it can call for donations. It is significant that the total amount of assessments collected by the A. F. of L. since 1889 is $386,945.25, as compared with a total of donations to various causes since 1908 of five times as much, or $1,874,476.47. Even in crises the federation, as at present constituted, must depend upon voluntary action. In fact, the levying of assessments has been abandoned since 1918. In 1926 the A. F. of L., meeting in the open-shop city of Detroit, made a great fuss and bluster about combating the company unions. The convention authorized the Executive Council to levy an assessment to fight these employers' organizations. This assessment has never been collected. Is it a measure of the earnestness of the American Federation of Labor in organizing the unorganized?

It is not intimated here that constitutional or mechanical changes will revive the A. F. of L. The difficulty goes deeper than that. It is a question of leadership, of sincerity of purpose. If the leaders become militant enough, however, they must face the situation here presented. To organize the awakening Southern workers, to invade the anti-

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union automobile industry, or to recapture the iron and steel stronghold demands the will to organize and, then, millions, perhaps billions of dollars.

The American Federation of Labor, if its affiliated unions have a sense of labor solidarity, can raise these funds with ease. Increasing the per capita tax on internationals from 1 cent to 10 cents per month will produce an annual revenue of three and a half million dollars. A compulsory defense fund for the internationals will insure the sinews for industrial warfare. Encouragement of directly affiliated local unions and their consolidation nationally will then be no threat to A. F. of L. finances. In short, if the American Federation of Labor as the central agency of organized labor is going to do the job for which it exists it must organize the unorganized at whatever price. If it does not, it will soon be as dead as the Knights of Labor before it.

Russia's Collectivized Farms

By LOUIS FISCHER

Rostov-on-the-Don, August

I

Giants of the Steppes

ROLLING prairie as far as the eye can see. Miles and miles of steppe with the air above it made visible by the white heat. Not a fence; for Russia, especially after collectivization, is a fenceless country. Here and there a Cossack village with its one-story huts and tall, dome-crowned churches, surmounted by a gilded Greek cross. Wheat and sunflowers stand high in the field, for it is harvest time in northern Caucasus and in many other vast stretches of Soviet territory.

We leave Rostov, the capital of the North Caucasus, and proceed southeast by auto into the wheat belt. "What will happen," asks one of our party philosophically, "when the Russian churches begin to crumble and disappear? What will take their place as the monotony-breakers of the dull Russian horizon?" We had the answer soon enough. Graceful, steel-gray grain elevators are the new landmarks of a rejuvenated and industrialized country. They have been springing up everywhere since the agrarian revolution started in earnest a year ago.

But the Russian rural scene has acquired an even more striking feature. Indeed, it was the most remarkable of the many startling things we met with on our trip. One might have thought at first that it was mirage. (We saw water mirages.) No, it is real. A town. Out in an endless plain where even the natural roll of the earth seems to disappear, a town rises with three-story concrete buildings, with a single central-heating station for the entire settlement, with post office, telegraph offices, flower beds, machine and tool plants, two-story theater and clubhouse, and with a perfect road on which we later drove at 100 kilometers an hour. Yet this is not a town. It is a single state farm, one of the new government "grain factories" established to solve the Soviet bread problem.

The manager of this *sovkhoz,* or grain farm, a young brilliant organizer named Margolin, realized that if he told us his farm had an area of so many thousand hectares it would mean nothing concrete to us. So he took us in his Buick to the northern boundary of the farm. From there we traveled on one straight unbending highway for eighty-six kilometers. It made an unforgettable impression. From farthest north to farthest south on this *Sovkhoz* Number 2, known as "Camel," would be an hour's non-stop dash by an express train.

But the next day we visited an even bigger *sovkhoz,* "Gigant" or giant. Its director uses an airplane to get from one sector of the farm to the other, otherwise management would become impossible. Gigant covers a surface of 220,000 hectares—a hectare is about two and one-half acres—of which 113,000 were cultivated this year. It employs 3,541 workers, 220 tractors, 230 combines, and 450 tractor seeding drills. Its machinery alone cost 7,000,000 rubles; its buildings 16,000,000 rubles. It has a total population of 17,000. Both Gigant and Camel publish their own daily newspaper.

Outside Russia, the world's largest farm is that of Mr. John Campbell in Montana. But Gigant is seven times as big as the Campbell farm. Mr. Campbell, incidentally, has been retained as consultant by the Soviet Government and only recently visited Gigant and other *sovkhozi.*

Gigant and Camel plant only high-quality wheat. Gigant's harvest this year amounts to 7,000,000 poods, or 116,000 tons (more than 3,800,000 bushels). Margolin raised 1,500,000 poods. The experience of *sovkhozi* indicates that owing to the use of machinery and the application of specialized knowledge their average yield per acre is double that of the peasant and costs much less. Camel this year produced grain at eighty kopeks a pood but sells it, on account of its fine quality, at one ruble seventy kopeks.

When the idea of founding *sovkhozi* was first broached two years ago, many Russians, many foreigners, and even some of the Right-wing Communists laughed. But they quickly proved a success and are producing results far beyond the wildest expectations of their most sanguine protagonists. Now nobody questions their value as sources of the best seed and of the best grain for export. This year the several *sovkhozi* throughout the Union planted 1,160,000 hectares, but the coming year this figure will, according to plan, rise to 4,500,000 hectares, and at the same time an additional 4,500,000 will be prepared for cultivation. Moscow wants 15,000,000 hectares of *sovkhoz* farms by the end of the Five-Year Plan—in 1933. At that time, therefore, these *sovkhozi,* all owned and operated by the government, should produce no less than 22,000,000 tons of wheat—which is about twice as much as Russia ever exported in a single year before the war.

Several questions naturally present themselves. First, how big can one farm be? Margolin at Camel said 300,000 hectares. Bogomolkin, the manager of Gigant, put it at 1,000,000 hectares. But Margolin is the better agronomist and abler administrator, and we were therefore inclined to

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prefer his moderate estimate. A farm of 300,000 hectares or more, however, would require its own railroad, airplane service, and radio-communication system. In Siberia, in Kazakstan, and in other parts of the Union many such large stretches of land can be found which are fit for agriculture and now untilled.

The second question deals with labor. How can a farm be run like a factory? These giant farms do not look like the ordinary farm we have grown accustomed to. They resemble model towns that have grown up around new factories in the American Middle West. The employees are of the city type and dress like city people. The traditional Russian farmer is a strange anachronism on these farms. A *sovkhoz* workingman works eight hours a day. For the first two hours of overtime he receives time and a half; beyond that he gets double the usual pay. But overtime is unusual. In harvest season, seasonal help is brought in, and the farm operates in two and sometimes three shifts.

There is no slack period. I presented the usual argument to Margolin: "How can you employ men all the year around and pay them wages when they have nothing to do for months in winter?" In reply he gave me a carefully itemized account of the operating program of his *sovkhoz*. I discovered that work on the fields is possible for nine months of the year. During two of the remaining months all the workers, the vast majority of whom are mechanics—for the *sovkhozi* are completely mechanized—will repair, reassemble, and recondition the machines of the farm. The twelfth month will be the regular vacation.

The *sovkhozi* have a bright future in Russia, not only because the government is intent on establishing more of them, but because their advantage over individual farming and even over collective farming is so obvious that a widespread demand for additional *sovkhozi* is sure to make itself felt. In the *sovkhozi* as well as the collectives we heard that the members of the latter flock to big state farms to find work under what are practically ideal farming and living conditions. Moreover, the *sovkhozi* help the collectives in their plowing and harvesting, and one already notes a tendency toward the establishment of mixed *sovkhoz*-collective farms which the government is encouraging.

It is a far cry from the present stage to the complete proletarianization of the Russian peasant. Many years must elapse before all Soviet grain is produced in state-owned-and-operated "factories" by citified workers. Many decades must pass before the mujik disappears. I do not say it will ever happen. But in a country easily adaptable to extensive cereal culture and to the use of tractors there is every reason to expect that the giant mechanized factory-farm will play a rapidly increasing role. The government should, as a result, become independent of the peasant for export grain. And in bad years the state will be in a position to cover the bread deficit of the cities with the production of its own mammoth farms. The *sovkhozi,* therefore, rob the mujik of the power to force new policies on the Bolsheviks by applying his best weapon—passive resistance, or starving the town.

The *sovkhozi,* however, must first learn to use machinery with greater care. In this respect Gigant is guilty of criminal negligence. Machinery was spoiled, overworked, and worn out this year in order to achieve record figures which would impress the Moscow authorities. Such practices will, if continued, make economic production impossible.

II

Socialist Cossacks

Building socialism is a strange task for the backward Russian mujik. But it seems a perfect paradox in connection with Cossacks. In the mind of the average Russian, "Cossack" summons up a picture of a cruel though handsome warrior mounted on a wild charger dashing into a workers' or students' demonstration with whip in hand. The Cossacks were the mercenaries, so to speak, of Czarism. Yet today they are organized in agricultural collectives which the Bolsheviks regard as the finest guaranty of the success of socialism in Russia. Some 60 per cent of all the Cossacks in North Caucasus have been collectivized, and the complete collectivization of the entire vast district is probably only a matter of a year or two.

Outwardly the collective need not look any different from an ordinary village. Except that many of them are building or have already built piggeries, grain elevators, and cow barns they are, indeed, nothing more than villages. It is their internal organization that determines their novel and special character. The outstanding feature of collectives is common cultivation of the soil and common ownership of machinery and work animals.

The mujik in a collective has no land of his own except the small plot immediately adjoining his house. Here he may plant vegetables and fruit, raise his own privately owned poultry, and domicile his privately owned cattle. His house is his own. But this is the limit of the capitalistic, non-collectivized elements of the farming collective. The rest is socialized. The fields are not divided among the peasants. No peasant in a collective has his personal horse or ox or plow or harrow. They belong to the community.

Cossacks take exceptionally well to collectivization. They are accustomed to discipline and readily accept organized forms of activity. The management of a collective, elected by the peasant members, instructs each Cossack or mujik where and how much he is to work. It gives him the necessary implements, seed, and animals. Plowing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, and threshing are done in groups, often under the supervision of trained agronomists. The harvest is deposited in the collective barn and then distributed.

The question of harvest distribution agitated everybody during our tour. Threshing was in progress. Who would get the grain, how much, and in what form—flour or money? Each man and woman collectivist is paid according to the number of days he or she has worked and according to the quality of the work. There is thus room for individual initiative, personal incentive, and a reward for superior abilities. Advances in money are sometimes made, but more often wages come in bulk after harvest time. The usual method is to send the first grain harvested to the elevator and thus make it available to the government. Then sufficient grain is stored away to feed the population throughout the year, to feed the live stock, and to be sown in the next planting season. At the time of our visit several poods of flour had already been distributed to each family-member as the initial instalment, to be followed by further grants from the common warehouse. Moreover, a reserve fund is created to provide for unpleasant eventualities. What remains is sold to the state or the cooperative grain-procuring agencies at prices ranging, this year, from one ruble twenty

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:o one ruble sixty kopeks for a pood of wheat. Since the ›resent harvest is unusually good, many peasants in the North Caucasus and elsewhere will receive in cash some :hree to five hundred rubles—which is much more than the ncome of the uncollectivized farmers in the same district.

In addition to a share of the harvest the collective mem›ers receive a dividend on their capital investment. This is :he result of one of the most notable reforms introduced ıfter the publication of Stalin's article last March. There:ofore all peasants—those who owned animals and machines ınd those who did not—were admitted into the collective on ın equal footing. The propertied mujik therefore argued, very wisely, that it would be best for him to kill and eat or sell his cattle, dispose of his equipment, keep the proceeds, and then join the collective as a propertyless member. In consequence, millions of head of cattle were slaughtered everywhere in the Union. The country is still experiencing the sad after-effects. But now the man who contributes property to the collective gets a dividend on that investment in proportion to its size. These are concessions to the capitalist instincts of the mujik. The collective is by no means a commune.

One of the severest Soviet problems arising from collectivization, and from good farming and good harvests generally, is the presence of too much money in the pockets of the peasants. It sounds like a bad joke, for the Russian mujik is still relatively quite poor. Yet owing to the acute shortage of goods for consumption the peasant can buy only limited quantities of textiles, shoes, nails, and the like, and the rest of his rubles remain unused unless he follows Communist advice and buys state bonds. The government is at present bending every effort to ship all available supplies to the villages. The cities are frankly being denuded of anything a peasant may wish to purchase. Such measures cannot wholly solve the problem; indeed, they create or accentuate a similar problem in urban centers. For several years, therefore, Russia will witness the strange spectacle of excess money. The government must print money with which to buy grain from the peasants and labor from the workers. But then it takes back only a small part of these printed bits of currency, for it can give the people only limited amounts of manufactured articles. Since this process is repeated regularly, the volume of paper in circulation increases steadily. And since the peasant is too shrewd to accumulate paper for any length of time, he tries to hoard small silver coins.

Another important by-product of collectivization is excess labor. Unemployment always existed in the Russian village, but it was invisible; that is, everybody worked, but the work might have been accomplished by approximately three-fourths of the workers. This circumstance resulted, even before the revolution, in a regular flow of population from the country to the town. Now, however, the activity of a collective is scientifically planned by experts and is being progressively mechanized. In one *kolkhoz* we visited, the work-ration per soul or "eater" was 32 days a year, which meant that if a man had a wife who stayed at home and three children, he worked five times 32 or 160 days annually and was paid accordingly, whereas if a young peasant had a young wife likewise capable of working in the fields or dairies he was given work by the management for only 32 days in twelve months. This is of course a theoretical paper reckoning. Actually, many men seek work in neighboring state farms or in nearby cities; they then pay a small percentage of their income to the collective, and those who remain in the village consequently have more to do. But the surplus of labor is obvious and great. Two solutions are possible and both will surely be adopted: (1) agriculture must be intensified and industrialized—more mills, creameries, bacon plants, tanning factories, canning shops, and the like must be built; and (2) the Soviet Government must industrialize more in the cities so as to create wider fields for the employment of hands not needed on the steppes. All this suggests what far-reaching changes are yet in store for Russia as a result of collectivization.

The problems of collectivization reflect its benefits. The peasants get more money and the nation gets more labor. There are innumerable additional advantages. The most important is cultural. To one who knows Russia in all her backwardness—and the Russian village is the most antiquated economic unit in Europe—it is indescribably impressive that day nurseries are being opened in many collectives. However badly equipped they may be at present, they create standards of education, cleanliness, and hygiene which the children carry to their parents and homes. All the collectives will have free public schools in a year. Tractors bring electric light and more reading. Every collective has a bookkeeping department. This, perhaps, was the most interesting single feature of the *kolkhozi* I saw: card catalogues and itemized cross-reference bookkeeping telling each collective member his assets, earnings, and debts. Careful accounting out on the steppes where the Cossack simply knew that he must plant and reap at certain seasons without bothering about efficiency and finance!

Some 25 per cent of the peasant households and 40 per cent of the arable land of the Soviet Union have been collectivized. No reforms or changes of policy were intended to interrupt or even slacken the pace of collectivization. In fact, after the present good harvest we found many peasants applying for admission into the collectives which they had spurned early last spring. In one Cossack collective the inevitability of collectivization was forcibly illustrated by several uncollectivized peasants whose homes I visited. They had courageously and stubbornly resisted collectivization earlier in the year. Two thousand households of the settlement had enrolled in the *kolkhoz,* but 130 remained outside. Now these 130 have organized their own collective, and its members realize that ultimately they will join hands with the larger group. The moment a machine must be purchased which no single peasant can afford, the moment the peasant sees that eight horses hitched together plow faster and deeper than eight horses dragging eight poor plows, he understands the gains inherent in collectivization.

The inevitability of collectivization was likewise illustrated by the attitude of the youth. We spent one night with a private farmer in a Cossack village. When we had made our beds of hay under his plum trees, he and his shrill-voiced wife sang Cossack lays in the bright light of the full moon. And then we engaged his eighteen-year-old daughter in conversation. She told us that the young girls and fellows in the collective were having a good time working in common, while her work and life were boring. If she does not force her father to enter the collective she will marry and go in with her husband.

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On the College Frontier
II. The Rollins Idea*

By HAMILTON HOLT

TO make the process of learning as vital to young people as the quest for a news story is to a good reporter, or as intensively gripping as football to the members of the college team, is the Rollins idea of education. It is not a new idea. Every real teacher since time began has had the same desire. It is only the method of achieving the end which is different at Rollins College.

At Rollins we hold the belief that the individual student's growth and development are the all-important things, and that to justify itself every course, by its subject matter and manner of being taught, must deepen and broaden the student's understanding of life and enable him to adjust himself more quickly and more effectively to the world in which he lives. This theory assumes an approximation of college life to normal living as well as a correlation of subjects to be studied.

On this premise, we have shifted our emphasis and our forms of responsibility from faculty and administration to students. We find that because young people really accept responsibility willingly and carry it well, and because they like being treated as adult, reasonable beings, they soon lose, if they have it on entrance, the average college student's resistance to things academic. They learn to recognize education for the thing we believe it should be: a joint adventure and a joint quest.

For the past four years at Rollins we have concentrated our attention on what we like to regard as improvements in teaching methods. My own personal experience as a student and as an observer of the difficulties of other students had shown me that both the lecture and the recitation system in use in our colleges and universities are in whole or in part failures. In pondering over what I considered were the evils of the lecture and recitation systems, it seemed to me that the fundamental difficulty with present-day education could be traced to two causes: the method of teaching and the personal qualifications of the teachers. In any case, the students are raw material.

The lecture system seemed to me to be a failure because under it students are regarded as so many passive objects into which a professor pours information for an hour two or three times a week and then asks for certain amounts of it back in periodical examinations. Neither the professor nor the student needs to be more than half awake for the process to go on—the professor may regard it as a necessary evil in the way of his pet occupation of research or writing; the student feels that if he fills his seat and makes some show of taking notes he is doing his part.

Almost as completely a failure, it seemed to me, had been the recitation system under which the teacher acts as inquisitor and marks or grades the student on his ability to answer occasional questions on material he has been assigned to study by himself. The student needs the teacher's help, not when he has learned or failed to learn his assignment, but during the process of learning. Under the recitation system as practiced in most colleges the classroom becomes a sort of criminal court where the teacher—as judge, prosecutor, and detective—attempts to find out, often unsuccessfully, whether or not the student has mastered his lesson, and the student is mainly interested in creating a good impression, by bluffing or otherwise.

At Rollins we have established the two-hour conference plan. Both morning and afternoon are divided into two two-hour periods. In the forenoon the two periods are devoted to those subjects in which the student primarily works with his mind. As far as possible the first period of the afternoon is taken up with laboratory or field work and the last period with athletics, outdoor work, and recreation. The student's evenings are free, except when a lecture, a play, a debate, or some similar activity takes place.

A visitor to a typical classroom at Rollins will find the students seated in comfortable chairs scattered around a book-lined room or gathered about a table. The room may be silent with everyone quietly reading or writing, or there may be a buzz of conversation as various groups discuss some aspect of the subject they are studying. He will find the teacher seated at his desk, neither lecturing nor hearing a recitation. The teacher's primary function is to sit still, keep quiet, and be ready to help anyone who needs help. His job is to answer rather than to ask questions, not to do the work for the students but to guide and stimulate their work. He may even refuse to answer questions if he feels that it will be more helpful for the students to work out the answers for themselves. Although parts of some periods, of course, are given over to talks by the teacher, assignment of work, group questioning, even old-fashioned quizzes, the teacher's work, for the most part, is with individual students, each of whom may be at a different stage of advancement in the course. When there is something to say, they talk. When there is nothing to say, they work.

Regular term and yearly examinations have been minimized and even tests and quizzes are not stressed. Since all required studying may be done in the classroom, it is intended that virtually all the student's outside time shall be free. We hope that for the student there will be time to think, to engage in semi-serious intellectual discussion, to digest the lessons of the day, or, if he desires, to do advanced work.

Another characteristic of study at Rollins is the fact that students are given every opportunity to get at the source of information themselves. Nothing is taken second-hand which may be acquired first-hand. No opportunity is lost to replace textbooks with life: a biology class journeys to Tarpon Springs to study the sponge industry, where "a barefoot Greek diver on a picturesque ocean sailboat" may be for the moment the instructor of the class; students inter-

* The second of a series of articles on educational experiments. The third, Experimenting at Columbia College, by Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, will appear in the issue of October 15.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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ted in journalism attend the State Press Conference; the ırveying class goes to Tampa to study cement-making; the ıternational Relations Club gathers at the President's house ı meet informally with a recent prime minister of Italy and ı officer of the French Academy; the entomology group ieets with a great neurologist whose hobby happens to be eetles; the sociology class spends a week-end digging in ıcient Indian mounds; a physics class drives to Daytona each to study the high-powered wind-resistance and cooling 'stems of the cars of two world-champion drivers; a class ı the history of the book follows the actual production of a ook from the original manuscript to a beautiful finished olume issued by the professor's private press; a history class ıakes a trip to St. Augustine to meet with the Florida His-ɔrical Society to study the oldest city in the United States nd to discover the part it played in our early colonization.

Whatever we have started at Rollins, it is not a cut-and-ried system. We have given able instructors who were issatisfied with older methods an opportunity to experiment 'ith more direct means of promoting the intellectual and esthetic development of their students. And the results ave encouraged the indefinite continuance of the plan. In dopting this system we make no claims to revolutionary de-arture from the established order in the educational field. Lather we have simply harked back to a much earlier period ı the development of educational theory, as when Socrates athered a few pupils around him and made the objective of is inquiry into this or that subject "consistent thinking with view to consistent action." For in the effort to build up the ıost elaborate machinery in the world for turning out aca-emic degrees it seemed to me that we had somewhere lost he essence of true education, and that to find it again we ıust revert to simpler methods, fewer rules, less emphasis pon information and more upon thinking.

What are the demands made upon teachers and pupils nder this system at Rollins and how does it work out?

To make successful a system which depends so much pon personal contact and the individual guidance of young ninds who must be shown the inspiring possibilities in gath-ring knowledge, the chief requisite seemed to me to be eachers who not only were qualified to teach but loved to each. We therefore sought inspiring teachers wherever we ould find them, disregarding the modern fetish for research nd weighing not only the ordinary and official recommen-lations as to a man's teaching ability but the opinions of his ormer students. If the verdict of a teacher's former stu-lents was "thumbs down," we made no offer to the teacher nder consideration, no matter how scholarly the man might ıe or how many books he might have published. In other vords, he was not considered unless he seemed to have that livine gift for guiding and encouraging others which is the ssence of good teaching.

We have made sure of close contact between students ınd faculty by limiting classes to groups of twenty, since it eemed hardly possible that one teacher could handle a class ɔf forty or fifty students in a manner to give inspiration to hem all. Our present resources at Rollins limit our student ɔody to about 400, but for these students we have more than 40 teachers. And because we believe in the small college ınd wish to develop and perfect a system of teaching that focuses its emphasis upon the individual student's growth and development, we have limited the ultimate growth of Rollins to 700—400 men and 300 women. In so doing we aim to perfect and dignify the small college at a time when our small colleges are trying to become large colleges and our large colleges are trying to become universities.

Though it is true that the Rollins plan directly affects only about 400 students, even the defenders of our standard-ized pedagogy are aware that the importance of an experi-ment depends not upon its dimensions but upon its outcome. In an effort to "take stock," to help us pass judgment upon the efficacy of the plan, and to predetermine the possibilities of its success, the faculty and students were asked by ques-tionnaire, at the end of the third year of the plan, to state their opinions frankly. The response—from students and faculty alike—was overwhelmingly in favor of the confer-ence system. One undergraduate wrote: "It has taught me to think." Said another: "How fine to work for one's friend—not one's boss!" Said a third: "We feel here that the college really wants to put itself at the disposal of the student rather than merely to subject him to a course of sprouts." And a Rollins professor wrote: "Instead of being on the defensive and of trying to escape work, most of my students are anxious for it. The initiative is with them now, and they take it. Instead of prodding them, all I need do is to help." "To me," wrote another professor, "Rollins has proved an education in the way to educate."

I hope I shall not be accused of offering the Rollins Idea as a cure-all, a panacea, or even a solution of what I have already indicated as the evils of higher education. While we at Rollins thoroughly believe in the conference plan, we realize that its adoption by all liberal-arts colleges might be a questionable procedure. Possibly climatic conditions con-tribute to the success of the plan at Rollins. Perhaps it is the care-free attitude permeating Florida that sets up an ideal environment for the working out of this kind of in-formal instruction. Certainly I am ready to admit that the elimination of lectures and recitation periods in the technical and professional schools is not always desirable. I am posi-tive, moreover, that no college, large or small, can make a success of the conference system unless it is manned with a hand-picked faculty who are primarily teachers and love teaching. I sincerely believe, however, that modified forms of the conference plan can be used to advantage in most schools and colleges.

So far at Rollins we have been concerned primarily with methods. We are now giving our attention, in addition to methods, to contents of courses, particularly courses in lib-eral arts. Thinkers such as John Dewey and Goodwin Watson of Columbia University are raising a cry against the standardized curriculum on the ground that it does not fit into our present scheme of life. These men are making us feel less sure of ourselves, less complacent in setting up rules that require so many units for excellence in mathematics, languages, chemistry, and literature before we grant degrees to candidates. We have already taken steps to conduct an inquiry into this question by calling a conference on course contents at Rollins this year. John Dewey has consented to preside over it. We want to know how well or how poorly we are educating young men and women for their activities of after-college life. We suspect, even now, that the stand-ardized curricula in liberal arts contain much that is useless and omit much that is of possible benefit if students are to be educated, not for a livelihood, but for life.

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The Doukhobors in Canada

By JAMES MONTAGNES

IN January of this year two policemen entered one of the communities of the Doukhobors in British Columbia, one given over to the Sons of Freedom, the most daring and radical branch of that strange sect. They had come to arrest two men, the ringleaders in the movement to keep Doukhobor children from going to the provincial schools. The day was very cold and there was snow on the ground. The officers wore heavy coats to keep themselves warm. They were met by a welcoming committee of one hundred yelling, dancing, snowballing Doukhobors, men, women, and children—and all of them were as naked as the day they were born. Against them the officers had no chance. They retreated in a hurry.

But the Sons of Freedom knew well enough that constables do not give in so easily. Therefore the Sons of Freedom from all the neighboring communities gathered at Grand Forks and waited. The officers came back, twenty-five strong. Ten times that many Sons of Freedom were ready for them. The officers of the law knocked on the door of the community hall. The door opened and two naked men emerged and walked down the steps. More nude bodies showed in the doorway ready to follow.

But the unexpected happened. The people in the doorway saw the constables draw guns which did not speak. They saw their two naked comrades lower their heads and begin to cry. Then they were aware of gas, and their eyes ran. They had never heard of tear gas. They huddled together inside. In their stumbling they knocked over the stoves. Smoke filled the hall, tear gas came in also. There was but one thing to do. They rushed outside and ran for their homes. The police caught the men they wanted and took them away to Vancouver, where they were sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The Doukhobors came to Canada from Russia thirty-one years ago. They are a type of communist, for they believe in and practice community ownership of land, houses, and goods. At the same time they believe in God and always seek their Christ. In Russia they were oppressed, harassed, and often sent to Siberia. In 1899, with the help of Tolstoy and of Quakers, 8,000 of them gathered together money enough to pay their passage to Canada, where the government, desiring settlers, had promised them a grant of 450,000 acres in Saskatchewan and complete exemption from military service. The Doukhobors arrived in Canada penniless and leaderless—their leader, Peter Verigin, was imprisoned in Siberia. Winter was not far off. But the women pulled plows over the virgin soil while the men went to work in the cities to get enough money to buy the lumber and machinery necessary for settlement.

In 1902 an electric thrill ran through the struggling community. Two messengers from Peter Verigin, in Siberia, brought the incredible news that he was soon to be released and would come to resume his place among them. Words could hardly convey the excitement that followed. The Doukhobors dispatched three payments of $1,000 each to three cities through which their leader might conceivably pass and worked with renewed vigor. Meanwhile, under the combined spurs of hope, discontent, and suspense, a new and radical religious movement arose within the community. The Doukhobors had always been vegetarians, but to Ivan Ponamarov, one of Verigin's messengers, must be ascribed the new theory that it was wrong to exploit cows, horses, and hens for human purposes. His disciples threw away their leather boots, ate no more butter and eggs, and began to expect the immediate arrival of Jesus. What part their anticipation of Peter Verigin's coming played in this last belief is obscure; but the fact remains that on one snowy day in the winter of 1902 a crowd of about 1,700 men, women, and children assembled and began an epic march toward Winnipeg to meet Jesus. Hatless, shelterless, shoeless, provisionless, but full of the Spirit, they reached Yorkton, where kindly neighbors fed them and where they slept under the open sky. There the women and children were detained, while the men struggled on another hundred miles to Minnetosa. When it became evident that they would all die of exposure if they went on, the Superintendent of Immigration bundled them into a special railroad train and sent them home, though they resisted after the Doukhobor fashion by locking arms together and standing still.

When Peter Verigin arrived he discountenanced the excesses of the faithful in the most tactful way possible. To the objection against exploiting horses in farm work he replied: "Very well; let us buy steam plows." He praised the religious spirit of the pilgrims so highly that another group, mistaking his meaning, organized a second pilgrimage in the spring of 1903, with a new and bizarre feature. On entering any town or settlement the pilgrims laid aside their clothes and appeared stark naked. Had not Jesus praised the lilies? But this second pilgrimage was speedily stopped.

The Doukhobors today, still under Verigin's leadership, own farm lands and industrial equipment valued at something over eight million dollars. In addition to the Saskatchewan grant they have lands in Manitoba and British Columbia. A radical, or perhaps reactionary, element among them, the Sons of Freedom, referred to above, clings to the prohibition of the use of animal labor and products and keeps up the practice of disrobing in public as a means of protest. The main body of the Doukhobors look upon the Freedomites with more or less disapproval. On the other hand, the Sons of Freedom accuse their more conventional brethren of taking on too many capitalist ways.

The Doukhobors believe that they are the Sons of God. They believe that land is to be tilled and should not be sold. They drink no fermented liquor and do not chew tobacco. When they marry they merely take a partner without ceremony. If the union is unhappy, the partners tell the elders of the community and the partnership is thereupon dissolved. New ones are immediately made, however, for marriage is compulsory among the Doukhobors.

They live in houses designed to hold two families. In each settlement there is a community hall. They are strict vegetarians, their food consisting of vegetables, nuts, and

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fruits. Tea and bread also are usually to be found on their tables. After all, they are Russians. The Doukhobors, for the most part, are thickset and broad-shouldered, indicating their Tartar Russian descent. As for clothing, their religion requires none since God made man naked. But they have compromised with worldliness and dress simply in homespuns, with very little color.

In contrast with their simple way of life, their agricultural and other equipment is entirely modern. They drive motor trucks and automobiles; their offices of administration are up to the minute in organization and efficiency. Their communities are equipped with electricity.

Everything is owned by the community. The proceeds of the sale of canned goods, which amount to half a million dollars a year in the British Columbian settlements, and the money obtained from the sale of wheat and other products go into one treasury. To these settlements buyers come from everywhere for their preserved fruits. Manufactured supplies are ordered from the big wholesale houses in eastern and middle-western Canada. When a school has to be erected, a factory painted, a road built, the whole community takes part. Everyone works for everyone else. There are no rich and no poor. And the fruits of their joint labor are jointly shared.

For the most part the Doukhobors are a peaceful, prosperous people. But they have come in conflict with the Canadian government at several points. The Doukhobors regard all people, including government authorities, as their equals. Therefore they do not consider the demands of these authorities binding if those demands conflict with their own consciences. They call themselves subjects of the world and especially at the beginning resisted naturalization. They were averse also to registering births, deaths, or marriages. When the government took away 360,000 of the 450,000 acres originally granted—acres which had been cultivated and made fruitful—it did so on the ground that the Doukhobors refused to obey certain regulations which the government had laid down.

The most serious conflicts between the Doukhobors and the government have arisen from their resistance to sending their children to the provincial schools and their aversion to paying taxes. They object to paying taxes because, they argue, tax money is used for wars and their religion bans war. They object to sending their children to schools where they are taught capitalistic and other satanic ideas which are alien to their religion. They are afraid that their children will be weaned away from the communal system of living, will be taught to take lightly the folklore and the religion of their people.

The Doukhobors and their peculiar customs have given rise to anomalous and sometimes very amusing situations. Twenty years ago, for instance, 5,000 of the Doukhobors migrated to the Kootenay Valley in British Columbia. There they settled on 15,000 acres of land which Peter Verigin had bought. By hard work they have transformed what was once a wild stretch of timberland into a garden spot; they have established canneries, mills, and granaries, and have branched out into several communities. And above all their gates, machine-shops, barns, and other buildings is painted the following: The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, Limited—the last word being required by the incorporation laws of Canada.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, humble fellow that he is, has been reading "Who's Who in America"—a borrowed copy. He has discovered that there are 340 Smiths contained therein, not including the Smythes, Smyths, or Smithers. He finds that Bobby Jones is there, but not Babe Ruth, that Harold S. Vanderbilt, who lately distinguished himself by sailing the Enterprise to victory in the yacht races, writes himself down a capitalist and refrains from identifying himself in any way with amateur yachting, even to belonging to a yacht club. He discovers that Nicholas Murray Butler requires 105 lines, or a little over a column, for his autobiography and that he is the recipient of twenty-eight honorary degrees, which makes him seven ahead of President Lowell of Harvard and one ahead of Herbert Hoover, President of the United States. He finds that William Hosea Ballou, mycologist and ichthyologist, evidently knows more about fungi than any man living and "discovered cancer on tail of a boa constrictor in Honduras, 1890"; that Henry L. Mencken wrote in 1917, "Damn—A Book of Calumny"; that George M. Cohan and Calvin Coolidge were born on the Fourth of July; that Wade Cothran Smith "specializes in training for evangelism."

* * * * *

INTERESTING items like these might be listed at infinite length. But to the Drifter one of the choicest items is an analysis of the relative education of persons included in the volume, arranged according to occupation. Arbitrarily permitting the educators a percentage of one hundred, business men are rated at just over 60 per cent, artists are lowest in the list with a flat 60, writers reach 80 per cent, but editors ignobly trail along with 70. The Drifter thinks this is a splendid jest at the expense of his colleagues. Editors, in fact, are third from lowest in the list, being worsted only by the artists and business men mentioned above. Above them come scientists, army and navy officers, public officials, clergymen, lawyers, and engineers. In the matter of offspring, editors do a little better, averaging 1.94 children each, and towering above the artists with their 1.11. Clergymen and bankers have the most children —2.86 and 2.51, respectively. But at this rate candidates for "Who's Who" will have to be recruited from the ranks of the lowly.

* * * * *

IN all there are 29,704 names in "Who's Who." Eighty-five per cent of them went to college. What this means the Drifter does not know. For of the many hundreds of thousands who go to college every year, only about 25,000 can at this rate ever get into "Who's Who." And most of their reasons for being included seem to have little to do with their college education. An analysis of the current volume of distinguished Americans leaves the Drifter completely at a loss for advice to aspiring young men and women. "Do not," he might say, "be the best baseball player in the world; do not be heavy-weight boxing champion—for Mr. James Joseph Tunney is not included." About the easiest way seems to be to write a book or be on a committee. Short of being the son of a Who's Who-er, this seems to work best. The Drifter is tempted to try it. He would so like to see,

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properly under the "D's," the following item: "Drifter, A., no occupation; b. Never Mind Where, Never Mind When; s. Guess Who and His Wife; no education, no career, no clubs, no religion, no address. For information apply

THE DRIFTER"

Correspondence

From a Loving Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Karl Schriftgiesser's letter, printed in your issue of September 24, might well have been even more emphatic in its defense of the Boston *Transcript* and no doubt would have been had not the writer been guided by a certain restraint in speaking of a paper on the staff of which he is employed. Such observance of the proprieties is probably lost upon you.

As he says, however, it would be most unfortunate for any reputable institution to have to suffer your editorial favor, and in being spared it the *Transcript* is the more distinguished. It is difficult to understand what satisfaction *The Nation* can derive not only from its continual blackguarding of the manifestations of decency and good breeding which the social scene can boast, but also from its perverted championing of the futile, thwarted, and rebelliously inferior elements of the community in general. There is no gutter filth of liberalism but you hail it at the expense of established decency, no outland boorishness that you do not support.

It is fortunate that the dissatisfied, incompetent, and generally worthless whose opinions you represent are such an inconsiderable factor in the world today.

New York, September 18 LUCIUS BEEBE

"Fruit of the Vine"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Seiler, in his article Cantaloupes and Communists, in your issue of September 3, makes the common error of speaking of "the fruit of the vine" as a vegetable. He says that "the principal vegetable crop is cantaloupes." Funk and Wagnalls say: "Muskmelon. The juicy, edible gourd-like fruit of a trailing herb; cantaloup."

High Point, N. C., September 15 REID MARSH

A Real National Disaster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The condition into which forces outside of his control have thrust the average American farmer in the past few years are too little understood in the country as a whole for the real scope and tragedy of the great drought of 1930, still continuing in many sections, to be fully appreciated. Tens of thousands of small farmers and tenants are facing a winter not knowing how they will be able to feed their families, let alone their live stock.

I have recently made two trips through the worst parts of the drought area. One took me through most of Tennessee and Kentucky, the other through southeast Missouri, Arkansas, and Mississippi. According to the United States Department of Agriculture reports Arkansas is the worst hit of all the States with a crop average of only 32 per cent of normal; Kentucky is next with a crop average of 39 per cent, and Tennessee, Mississippi, and Virginia are almost as hard hit. Crop averages, statements of Mr. Hyde or Mr. Legge, or official surveys do not tell the story of human struggles, of human suffering, of privation, and black despair.

Wherever you go in Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi you pass farm wagons hauling water for the stock and for the families. Streams, springs, wells, ponds have gone dry this year that were never dry before in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Birds and wild life of all kinds have suffered. In the hill sections there is hardly a snake, bird, or rabbit left, as they have migrated to the larger rivers and streams or lakes, where water is still obtainable. Way back in July the beautiful rolling pastures of the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky were burned browner than I ever saw them in December. In southern Indiana for mile after mile corn was hardly knee-high in August and as brown and dry as stalks that have been left in the field all winter. Hay fields were stunted and withered; gardens burned to a crisp; chickens and hogs sold off because there was nothing to feed them on; dust covering everything in sight as the blinding, blistering, scorching sun beat down day after day without let-up.

Finally came showers that did more harm than good but still no general rains in more than half the area I have seen. Cotton, cash crop in a large part of the section I have seen personally, is stunted, with small bolls, light in weight, poor in quality, price so low it is hardly worth picking and, to cap the climax, a late infestation of leaf worms which are fast eating up the crop except where the larger planters can afford to buy arsenate to fight the worms with. Tobacco, cash crop in the remainder of the section I have seen personally, stunted, with small leaves, light in weight, poor in quality, price so low it will hardly pay out.

I have said nothing about another class of farmers, owners of large farms who employ many tenants. They will not make expenses this year, many will not be able to pay their taxes, few will be able to help their tenants over the winter. They are in despair, facing ruin, and the thousands of tenants, who are dependent on the landowners, are facing starvation.

In these areas the banks, those that remain, for they have been failing right and left the past few years, are loaded up with land loans and cannot help to any great extent. The merchants themselves are facing bankruptcy, for they will be unable to collect their accounts this year and they cannot extend any further credit. The county governments are mostly in bad shape and cannot help to relieve the suffering, in spite of county drought committees which have been set up at the request of State drought committees which have been set up at the request of the national drought committee, set up by President Hoover. The only hope seems to lie in the Red Cross, which is already preparing to give out rye for fall planting and turnip seed for fall gardens. Right here in my own section we will have to have a good rain before these can be planted, but in some other sections the rains have come, too late to benefit crops, but in time for fall planting. These fall forage crops will aid many farmers to hang on to their live stock a little longer, and fall gardens will help fill some stomachs that would otherwise be empty.

Just a few days ago a delegation of farmers in worn cotton jeans came into the office of the *Commercial-Appeal* at Memphis and presented a petition signed by the heads of over 100 families at Lepanto, Arkansas, setting forth the terrible plight of themselves and their live stock and asking that the petition be forwarded to President Hoover so they could have immediate aid to prevent their live stock from dying and their children from going hungry. And they are no worse off than a thousand other communities. The drought is a real national disaster.

Hickman, Ky., September 15 A. ROBBINS

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An English Reader's Protest

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was sorry to read the editorial article in your number of September 3 headed Mr. Churchill Runs Amuck. I suppose most British people are sorry to read such articles. What can we write that will impress you at all, that will make you reach different conclusions? The Simon report seems impotent as propaganda.

In the *Times* this morning I see the following prices quoted for 3½ per cent dominion and colonial securities (government): Canada 85, Cape of Good Hope 84, Natal 86, New South Wales 68, New Zealand 89, Tasmania 81, Victoria 68, and India 63. The Bengal Nagpur Railway 3½ per cents are at 75, the Eastern Bengal Railway 4½ per cent debentures stand at 67, and the 3½ per cent debentures on the East Indian Railway are at 60.

These prices are not good; the situation in India is not good. But your leading article says, "British industry totters."

English people would be very angry if they thought their news was being doctored. We think we can trust the honor of the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian;* Scots would swear to the honor of the *Scotsman.* Yet their detailed reports of the fighting around Peshawar bear little emotional resemblance to your "meanwhile on the Peshawar frontier blood flows steadily. No man, outside of a few officials, knows how great is the loss of life, or how many villages have been bombed or destroyed." What you say may be true; it is the emphasis you give that is so unfair. For instance, it may be that one hundred villages have been destroyed. Please, however, remember that the inhabitants were given twenty-four hours' notice to hide by our planes, and that the huts can be rebuilt in about a month. Most of the tribes seem now to be quiet.

London, September 12 F. M. Kenyon

Mr. Epstein's Rejoinder

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial entitled Life Insurance in your issue of September 17 comments upon my article in the September issue of the *American Mercury.* You refer to two charges against my article made by Mr. Henry E. Niles of Woodward, Fondiller, and Ryan, consulting actuaries. These charges are as follows:

1. That I have misrepresented the facts by "comparing commissions alone on old business in 1905 with commissions and all other old-business expense in 1927." Mr. Niles contends that in the case of the strictly regulated insurance companies doing business in New York State the actual commissions constitute only 6 per cent of the total of 14.3 per cent of the renewal-expense rate. Mr. Niles does not question the correctness of the total expense rate, which I stated was higher than in 1905. He merely argues that the commissions' part in this is only 6 per cent. This is in line with scores of letters which I have received, since the publication of the article, from insurance agents throughout the United States, who complain that while the costs of writing insurance and the costs of living have been growing, the commissions to the agents who actually "do the dirty work" have been reduced. All Mr. Niles seems to say is that while only 6 per cent of the cost of renewal insurance in the best companies goes to the men who do the real work, 8.3 per cent more is mysteriously spent on "all other business expenses."

2. That my article misquoted the testimony of President

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Ecker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company before the New York Commission on Old Age Security. My statement reads that Mr. Ecker testified that "85 per cent of the industrial-insurance policies lapse in the first year." Mr. Niles correctly contends that what Mr. Ecker actually stated was that "85 per cent of the lapses occurred in the first year." Significantly, the entire insurance fraternity seems to have rallied behind this inadvertent inference. I admit the inference is as unwarranted as it was unintentional. The entire reference to Mr. Ecker's statement, however, was only casual and had little to do with the main body of facts presented in the article.

Lest your readers may think there is really a very serious difference in the two statements, permit me to submit the following figures:

During 1928 all the companies reporting to the New York Insurance Department issued a total of 9,708,793 new industrial policies, amounting to $2,612,922,083. From the inference in my article, it would mean that 8,252,474 policies to the sum of $2,220,983,770.55, or 85 per cent, were lapsed. Actually, however, the lapsed policies numbered 5,802,441 and amounted to the sum of $1,594,979,261. In addition, 1,759,987 policies to the sum of $317,320,916 were surrendered. In other words, the difference between the two calculations is only in 609,046 policies to the sum of $308,683,593.55, which from the point of view of the total of nearly ten million policies is not, after all, so significant.

Of greater importance, it would seem to me, is the fact that the high-pressure insurance salesmanship brought in 1928 a grand total of 11,481,006 policies of all kinds through the big front door, while 7,562,428, or 65.9 per cent, were lost through the back door of lapses and surrenders alone.

New York, September 22 ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

The Nation Club of Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Nation Club of Chicago will resume its activities Tuesday evening, October 14, 1930, in the Cliff Tea Room, 120 South Clark Street. Meetings will be held on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month.

Our discussions for the coming season will be on current problems in India, Russia, and the United States. Readers of *The Nation* in Chicago are always welcome.

Chicago, August 25 MORRIS APPELMAN, *Secretary*

Mill Workers in Marion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Following an editorial paragraph in *The Nation* to the effect that the Federal Council of Churches would receive clothes and money for the tent-living mill workers of Marion, I found that the council had discontinued this and that contributions would be received and distributed by Mrs. Grace Elliott of East Marion, N. C.

Recently I received a note from Mrs. Elliott including the following, which I ask you to print in the hope that others may help:

> . . . anything you care to send will be greatly appreciated and is much needed. We have a number of school children here who do not have sufficient clothes to wear to school and also don't have books. After being out of work for fourteen months you can imagine the condition the workers are in.

New York, September 16 VEE PERLMAN

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Books and Drama

Bats

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Night would not be night unless
These velvet angels led the way
With their wings like a caress
And eyes too delicate for day.

They are the last of gentle things,
Of leprechauns and elves, whose curse
Is their fragile hearts and wings
Built for a gentler universe.

There is no mercy in the sun
For the plushes of their hair,
They must wait till day is done
Before they whisper in the air.

Birds and beasts disown their kind,
Men see devils in their flights.
They wait until the world is blind,
Night's lovely, shy hermaphrodites.

The Art of Being Happy

The Conquest of Happiness. By Bertrand Russell. Horace Liveright. $3.

THOUGH perhaps no subject is more important to us than our personal happiness, intelligent persons seldom read books that attempt to tell them in any direct way how this happiness may be attained. They suspect, no doubt—and their suspicions are nearly always entirely correct—that such books have almost nothing to offer them but rhetoric and platitudes. Mr. Bertrand Russell's rare sincerity and candor protect us against any display of false rhetoric; it would be too much to expect that he could write a book on happiness that would not contain a number of platitudes. The present volume, indeed, does contain a generous number, but I think it is greatly to Mr. Russell's credit that he is not afraid of a platitude. When he finds it necessary to write one, he sets it down simply, without apology and without any effort to make it seem more profound than it is. He can afford to do this because he has quite evidently thought the immemorial problem through for himself, so that when he writes what might otherwise be a platitude, he does so because he has rediscovered it; because he has both seen its implications intellectually and felt its force emotionally. The final impression the book leaves, therefore, is of something unusually fresh and penetrating.

Mr. Russell begins, wisely, on the negative side, by inquiring into the causes of unhappiness. Putting aside the great personal catastrophes, he finds that day-to-day unhappiness is largely caused by mistaken views of the world, mistaken ethics, and mistaken habits of life. He begins with what he calls Byronic unhappiness, the mood best expressed in our time by Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's "Modern Temper." This view, in Mr. Russell's words, is briefly that the more enlightened among us have seen through all the enthusiasms of earlier times and have become aware that there is nothing left to live for. Mr. Russell believes that the men who hold this view are genuinely unhappy, but proud of their unhappiness; he does not himself think that there is any superior rationality in being unhappy. He is persuaded, also, that those who quite sincerely attribute their sorrows to their views about the universe are putting the cart before the horse: the truth is that they are unhappy for some reason of which they are not aware, and this unhappiness leads them to adopt an unhappy creed. In general, he believes that this type of disillusion, which goes as far back as the author of Ecclesiastes, is born of a too easy satisfaction of natural needs. "If your child is ill, you may be unhappy, but you will not feel that all is vanity. . . . A rich man may, and often does, feel that all is vanity, but if he should happen to lose his money he would feel that his next meal was by no means vanity." The human animal, in brief, is, like other animals, adapted to a certain amount of struggle for life; and hence arises the paradox that it is probably an indispensable part of happiness to be without something one wants.

Mr. Russell next turns to the enormously exaggerated emphasis, particularly in Western nations, upon competitive success. Such success can at best be only one ingredient in happiness, and is usually too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of other ingredients. The fatigue and nervous strain it brings about poisons leisure as well as work, since it leads to a pursuit of tense pleasures and excitements that make wholesome relaxation impossible. Closely connected with the race for competitive success is envy, which leads a man to derive pain from what others have rather than pleasure from what he himself has. Another element in unhappiness is the sense of sin, and this remains even with enlightened persons who have consciously rejected the superstitious elements of the morality they absorbed in youth but retain the ancient code subconsciously. Still other elements in unhappiness are fear of public opinion and persecution-mania, from which almost everyone suffers in some degree.

Having devoted more than half of his book to these causes of unhappiness, Mr. Russell is ready to consider the causes of happiness. The most universal and distinctive mark of the happy man is zest, which bears to life much the same relation as appetite to food. This zest, for various reasons, is difficult to retain under modern conditions, but much may be done if the individual avoids an unhealthy introspection and develops as wide a range of impersonal interests as possible, and if his reactions to the things and persons that interest him are as far as possible friendly rather than hostile. He must be generous in his affections, for "of all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps most fatal to true happiness." Mr. Russell has found the happiness of parenthood greater than any other he has experienced, and he believes that when circumstances lead men or women to forego this happiness a very deep need remains ungratified, which produces "a dissatisfaction and listlessness of which the cause may remain quite unknown." He turns next to work, and finds that even the dullest work is less painful to most people than idleness, which results in unspeakable boredom. Continuity of purpose, which for most men comes chiefly through their work, is one of the most essential ingredients of happiness in the long run. Finally, in addition to effort, Mr. Russell feels that we all need a certain amount of resignation.

I am afraid my summary has made the book seem much thinner and less original than it actually is. It may be that "The Conquest of Happiness" is a potboiler—in the sense that it might never have been written had not Mr. Russell needed money to support his experimental school, which no millionaire in the world seems to have had sense enough to endow. There are, indeed, one or two signs of haste in the book. As an admirer of the lucidity and dignity of Mr. Russell's prose, I feel slightly uncomfortable when I find him, for example, constantly using such a shopworn gallicism as "camouflage" in the simple sense of disguise. But this is to speak of petty flaws in an acute and delightful essay.

HENRY HAZLITT

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The Revival of "Maurice Guest"

Maurice Guest. By Henry Handel Richardson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

"MAURICE GUEST" was first published in 1909. In the following twenty years Henry Handel Richardson has written four other novels, three of them comprising the trilogy "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony." The indifference which these distinguished volumes encountered undoubtedly constitutes one of the foremost examples of injustice in modern literature. Not until 1929, with the unexpected success of "Ultima Thule," did the accident occur which reclaimed its predecessors from the oblivion of contemporary neglect. The publishers now advise us that "Maurice Guest" never went out of print in England, but this fact, as well as the uninterrupted esteem accorded its translation on the Continent, does little to account for the absence of its author's name from the current manuals and from every list of "arriving masters" such as W. L. George, Arnold Bennett, and André Maurois have compiled from time to time. However, the injustice may be claimed less by the author, whose passionate comprehension of her task and exhaustive patience of craftsmanship require no popular corroboration, than by the public who, but for lack of critical publicity, might have profited by the indubitable authority which lifts these novels far above the average fiction of the century.

Our increasingly complex knowledge of the experience which provides the basis of a novel, together with the crippling uncertainty of our scientific devices for gaining this knowledge, has generated a curious distrust of fictional creation. Novelists avoid the burden of this distrust either by specialization (fantasy, satire, photography, miniature fables) or by resorting to experiments in consciousness and memory—territories wherein even the brilliant mastery of Proust, Joyce, and their few reputable disciples has failed to provide safe guidance. The full seizure of life which the nineteenth-century masters felt no scruples in attempting has largely disappeared. The Mahony trilogy restores to current fiction the full panoply of objective experience, grasped and mastered with an authority missing even in the fine chronicles with which it has won comparison—the Jacob Stahl novels of Beresford, Ford's Tietjens trilogy, and "The Forsyte Saga." Those who demand in these ambitious histories more than a fortuitous calculation of the factors shaping an era or a lifetime are able to find Mahony a more significant index of the forces surrounding him in pioneer Australia than Beresford's hero or Soames Forsyte. Aided by a style both vivacious and compassionate, but always dominated by the sure detachment that creates the highest sympathy, Miss Richardson wrote a human history which must be designated, at whatever risk, a masterpiece. "Maurice Guest" was a worthy predecessor. After twenty years it reappears as one of the great tragedies of love in modern literature.

The scene here is the world of modern music in Germany at the end of the nineteenth century, a souvenir of the author's four years in the Leipzig Conservatorium. Differing in material respects as it does, Guest's tragedy is worth comparing with Mahony's at every point. Each concerns a man unable to resolve the conflict between his private moral scruples and an external situation. With Mahony it was a pitched battle between a relentless pride in his spiritual superiority and the raw philistinism of pioneer Australia. With Guest it is the struggle between his dedication to the absolute idealism of music and his love—sharpened by the rivalries of his friends Krafft and Shilsky—for Louise Dufrayer. The subtle portraiture of this woman earns comparison with other characters of a high company: Emma Bovary, Anna Karenina, Proust's Albertine, and Sudermann's Lily. With little beauty but with high intellectual and sexual powers, Louise lays waste the flaring idealism of the young Englishman, transforming an exalted love into a destroying passion, and winning through his defeat and suicide her first knowledge of shame and humility. Around this conflict is built, with fastidious authority, a picture of the age when modern music was beginning to win over the academic dead hand of the nineteenth century under the inspiration of Wagner. Debussy is emerging, pedagogy is being transformed, the concert platform is being exploited on a great scale, and the insurgence of a new spirit is in the air. With subtle logic and a sure mechanism, a plot is developed which is supported on every page by the *richness* of these materials. In mastering that richness Miss Richardson has offset the frugality of her output and the modesty of her pseudonym. She has rested secure in the knowledge of her high ambitions. The profound sympathy in her novels overshadows such defects as have grown out of their massive themes and complex designs. "Maurice Guest" comes back in a new edition which should remind the reading public of the value of absolute aesthetic integrity. Such integrity has become so rare a commodity that Henry Handel Richardson's name may stand secure in any record of modern fiction. She has triumphantly survived the test of a revival within her own lifetime, and has restored to the English novel the quality of compassion which, though long surrendered to Continental writers, is really its own proper heritage.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Early Lawlessness

The Outlaw Years. By Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company. $3.

AMERICANS have a tendency to idealize their origins. This is a very human trait which they share with other peoples. It is natural that in writing the early history of the colonies our historians should make much of the God-fearing pilgrim and the cultured gentleman planter, and little of the transported criminal. So in the story of the West the high lights have been thrown on the sturdy pioneers and not on the floating scoundrelism that preceded and followed them.

Mr. Coates, in his story of the land pirates of the Natchez Trace who terrorized the southern Mississippi valley between 1800 and 1835, has done a useful work. He has changed the focus of history a little and has placed beside the romance of the hero of pioneer days the darker romance of the anti-hero; beside the conventional picture of the fortitude, religion, and respectability of the pioneers he has placed the picture of their violence and brutality. There was a wide streak of lawlessness in the early settlers of this country. Not only the lawlessness of which we are supposed to have been so fond at one time, that of the rebel against religious and political tyranny, but also that of the rebel against all law. Compared to the Indians of the southern Mississippi region—the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Cherokees—the pioneers of whom Mr. Coates writes must have been a rowdy and obstreperous lot.

"The Outlaw Years" is, in a sense, a prelude to the history of crime in our own day. Mr. Coates's outlaws, the psychopathic Harpes, Mason, Hare, the dandified Murrel, John Ford who "combined the functions of justice of the peace, ferryman, and bandit chieftain," are the ancestors of gang leaders who fill the columns of current newspapers. Their methods of organized murder and robbery and their crude attempts to get "protection" from the officers of the law have been carried to higher efficiency by the picturesque gangs

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Chicago and the less explosive but more smoothly function-g gangs of New York. The stories of these men give us impses into the life of a people well schooled in violence id early inured to the habit of murder. The attitude toward imes of violence in the communities of the West a century go was almost as casual as it is today. The killing of "per-ns unknown by persons unknown" they forgot very easily.

There are vivid pictures of the rough and ready pioneer fe in "The Outlaw Years"; pictures of men and women ressing into dark forests rich with curious trees and flowers; dventurers, pioneers, criminals, all drawn west by the lure f the wilderness—its promise and its menace. The wilderness hero and villain of the book. It sank deep into its people, nd when the physical wilderness had been cleared away its itter fruit remained—violence, lawlessness, and indifference to awlessness, with here and there a stir of armed vigilantes and udge Lynch cutting through the knots of legal process to strike own, as often as not, the wrong people.

All this is well told, in warm and romantic color, with a ood eye for pattern and atmosphere. An occasional mannerism r a too heavy loading of atmosphere are minor flaws in a style vell fitted to its subject. HOLGER CAHILL

An Earl Prophesies

The World in 2030 A. D. By the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead. Brewer and Warren. $3.

MOST people would probably agree that prophecy, if it is to be exercised at all, had best be confined to fields with which the prophet is specially familiar, since in such case the predictions, being backed by exceptional knowledge, would seem to have a better chance of coming to pass. The Earl of Birkenhead, in his vivid and highly disturbing description of the world as it is likely to be a hundred years from now, not only goes in for prophecy in the large, from air travel to housekeeping and from television to the Chinese peril, but also confesses that in science, "that aspect of our development which will assuredly be most fruitful," his "inferior equipment" prevents his discussion at that point from having "any real weight." Nevertheless, having set out to reveal the future he goes bravely forward, as a gentleman should, with such knowledge as he has, leaving to his readers the task, if they choose to essay it, of showing that his forecasts are unsound. If some of his predictions savor of Jules Verne, Bellamy, Wells, or the learned Haldane, he disarms reproach by acknowledging in his preface that he has, *longum post intervallum,* followed in their steps.

It is a weird and puzzling society which the Earl predicts. Between physics and chemistry the incalculable resources of energy now only slightly tapped will be released, and limitless power available everywhere will lighten almost to nothingness the physical burden of work. Agriculture will disappear save perhaps as an amusement of the rich, and synthetic foods will be poured out in abundance from scientific factories. There will be no need to cut the roast beef thin or be sparing with butter, for science will insure continuous and rapid replacement. The factory, artistically built to fit into the landscape, will be the social center; thirteen hours or so of labor per week will be enough for the family support; the automobile will give way to the airplane, and a safe speed of 500 to 600 miles an hour may enable the tired business man, if there be then any that are tired, who has done his bit from nine to twelve in England to have an afternoon of golf in Greenland and be home in time for dinner. Unemployment will be banished, not by supplying more work but by lessening it. The people of 2030 will be unbelievably clean, healthy, orderly, well fed, conveniently housed, happy, and amused. A molecular-energy motor may turn the Atlantic journey into a ferry transit, and there may even be visits to Mars or the moon, after a sufficient number of scientists have died in learning how to get acclimated, provided the landing-place is not missed and the traveler left roaming helplessly in space with nowhere to go except round and round.

The population, of course, will also change. The Earl of Birkenhead appears to be convinced that science, in addition to ending the perils of childbirth, will master the problems of ectogenesis and that children by 2030 will in the main be produced by laboratory process. Since, however, children brought up at home seem to him to be better looked after than children nurtured in institutions, we are offered the prospect of childless women, relieved by the universal practice of contraception from the cares of maternity and for the most part desiring no children of their own, nursing ectogenetic babies as an outlet for mother love and as a duty to the state. The revolution will not be without its dangers, since the state may at any time order from its laboratories the kind of population, geniuses or demi-morons, that it wants, and the political possibilities of the arrangement are staggering; but as politics, by some process which the Earl does not make quite clear, are to be ordered and purified beyond anything now known, the dangers of scientific control of the voting list will doubtless be averted. Rejuvenation, on the other hand, will become a regular periodical process, with 120 to 150 years as the normal span of life—a condition which, as the Earl admits, may make it less easy for youth to get on in businesses or professions.

Apparently the world of 2030 will not be a very peaceful place, for while the Earl of Birkenhead deprecates war, he sees no hope of general disarmament and devotes a whole chapter to telling how wars will be carried on. War will be more rather than less humane a century hence, especially if the League of Nations shall lift its ban on the development of harmless gases, chiefly because the object of war will be subjection and not destruction. The great instrument on land will be the tank, developed to a point where it can do almost anything except fly or climb a precipice. And war will be on a grand scale. The only hope of a European union appears to the Earl to lie in the necessity of resisting attack from without, and such attack may come from a reorganized China or from a Negro empire, fanatically Christian with a Methodist flavor, which is foreseen as rising in Africa. As the Earl envisages the Sahara desert transformed into a winter resort for all nations through the simple device of cutting a canal from the Mediterranean, the African invasion may conceivably be checked by the soft resistance of gilded delights. The British Empire will remain intact, with South Africa dropping secession and India blessing the hand that rules it, and in place of the discordant nationalism which President Wilson aggravated there will have emerged other world empires and possibly an Anglo-American understanding.

The dark cloud on the horizon of all this progress is psychology, which the Earl sees advanced to the dignity of a science. With psychology regnant, nothing shall be hid that shall not be known. No statesman will be able to hold an audience while he expounds or defends his policies, for his hearers, skilled in all the resources of logic, character reading, and thought detection, will be in a position to comprehend the whole matter at once. It will be hardly worth while to listen to a play or read a novel, for plot and denouement will be discerned from the beginning, and no composer will be able to write music whose phrases and harmonies will not be foreseen. The saddest fate seems to be reserved for the clergy, whose "every insincerity and evasion" will be made so patent that "until matters adjust themselves and a larger laxity is permitted . . . the wretched men will hardly dare to engage in conversation except among members of their own kind."

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Such, in merest outline, is the Earl of Birkenhead's new world. Does the prospect attract him? Apparently not without reservation, for he writes at the end of his entertaining and brilliantly written book: "As I look forward toward the world in which my great-grandchildren may live, and in which I hope they may distinguish themselves, I find a certain solace in reflecting that my own birthday occurred toward the latter end of the nineteenth century."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Talents of Mr. Robinson

An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson. By Charles Cestre. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Glory of the Nightingales. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE title of Professor Cestre's book is modest, but perhaps not unduly so, since no one could pretend that the volume is a definitive study of Robinson's poetry. By discussing all the longer poems and many of the shorter ones, Cestre does give the reader a fair idea of the scope and the more obvious qualities of Robinson's work; but though the book may be of some assistance to the beginner, it has little to say to the careful student. The only inclusive critical judgment that Cestre attempts is the assertion that Robinson is a "modern classic." The phrase is, as he defines it, not utterly meaningless, but it can scarcely be regarded as embodying a complete evaluation. Indeed, Professor Cestre's comments almost always seem incomplete and his critical principles inadequate. In particular, his belief that the function of figures of speech is to be decorative is unfortunate, for it leads him to praise indiscriminately passages of uncommon imaginative force and passages of merely superficial prettiness. When it has been further pointed out that the book is rather repetitious and its style often unidiomatic, it becomes obvious that Professor Cestre's study, though by no means wholly useless and certainly not wholly unintelligent, is for the most part disappointing.

What Cestre's book does make clear is that Robinson's work is strikingly of a piece and that though his work, like any other poet's, is uneven, there has been no breakdown of intellect and imagination such as occurs with unpleasant frequency in American artists. Robinson's new poem confirms both these observations. Its theme is analogous to the themes of some of the poems in "The Children of the Night," Robinson's first volume, and the problems it raises are similar to the problems raised by the series of longer poems from "Captain Craig" to "Cavendar's House." In it Robinson employs his well-tested methods, exhibits the familiar and apparently ineradicable faults, displays in the conception of the situation the same subtlety and precision, and achieves a few passages whose rendering of a delicate insight is as perfect an accomplishment as can be found anywhere in his work.

As in a number of other poems, Robinson chooses for "The Glory of the Nightingales" a plot that is almost melodramatic: Malory seeks out Nightingale to shoot him but finds him an invalid and stays his hand; Nightingale, after considerable conversation with Malory, wills him his property, to be used in carrying on research, and commits suicide. But, as usual, Robinson selects these moments of high emotion and bloodshed in order to disclose complicated but not unrepresentative psychological processes. We examine the motives of Nightingale's crime, of Malory's proposed revenge, and of Nightingale's atonement; and in the end, as the poem lifts itself above the depiction of sordid deeds and the recording of gloomy thoughts, we feel once more that mood of cautious, quiet, but dogged affirmation in which Robinson's seeming pessimism invariably resolves itself.

It is this attitude of affirmation, one feels, that has given Robinson the strength that has sustained his poetic effort for some forty years. It has never been just to call him a pessimist, but it is not surprising that he has been called one. Never has he refused to contemplate the suffering to which man may be subjected, the evil of which man is capable, or the disillusionment to which man is liable. The restraint to which Cestre refers has never been with Robinson a refuge from painful sights and unpleasant thoughts. He has been aware of the strain of contemporary life and sensitive to the implications of contemporary thought, but he has neither turned his back nor broken his head against the wall. Though one cannot explain the secret, one can see that it is the secret of his survival as an artist.

That Robinson has weaknesses, and rather more important weaknesses than Cestre is willing to admit, "The Glory of the Nightingales" once more makes clear. There are times when his methods become mannerisms and his psychological analyses move along, in the worst Jamesian manner, by their own momentum. His perceptions, it is obvious, function only within a limited area of experience, and his imagination is subtle rather than intense. He has known, however, how to make excellent use of the talents with which he is endowed, and the method he has evolved for his longer poems is close to perfection. For passages of exposition his blank verse lapses into an unobtrusive flow that has all the useful flexibility of prose, but it can rise, when the occasion requires, to an elevation richly poetic.

It would be easy to say only—that Robinson has learned how to make a little genius go a long way and hence has kept on when men of greater promise have fallen by the wayside. But that is not the whole story. Robinson has had the strength to contemplate steadily and without fear so much truth as it has been granted him to perceive. That is why there emerges, out of the tangled and perhaps not very profound analysis of motives in "The Glory of the Nightingales," a sense of human mastery, of successful confrontation of destiny, that is reminiscent, however faintly, of the mood inspired by the greatest poetry.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Sidelights on the Classics

On the Margins of Old Books. By Jules Lemaître. Coward-McCann. $3.

THE genial preface to these flavorous old stories conveys the personality of the author, bibliophile par excellence, loiterer along beaten pathways of the spirit. So well are the "realms of gold" known to him that he steps here and there off the dusty path to wander in the fertile fields beside.

The two score episodes of this volume present the gleanings of the fields, tales of famed heroes earlier untold. "On the margin of the Iliad," for example, one sketch shows the Greek straightforwardness as a wall against crooked Thersites; another pictures "the innocent diplomacy of Helen" winning place for her among the respectable ladies of Troy. There is both understanding and love of the old stories in these recapturings of their characters, yet often—as in the tale of the Siren and the sailor of Odysseus—a shrewd rending of glamor's veil to duller actuality. That keen vision looks within the Wooden Horse; and from the practical eyes of the Roman Mucius finds flaw or sham in all the words of Jesus, yet subtly and without sentimentality discovers their ultimate truth.

The marriage of Panurge is a masterpiece of deft parody (though few of the sketches seek to reproduce the style of their original); one almost turns to Rabelais to locate such phrases

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s "all husbands are doomed to be cuckolds, but not to be eceived; that happens only to husbands who hoped their wives ould be faithful." Others of the great classics come pleasntly to mind in these obiter recollections, which in their Engsh rendering by Clarence Stratton preserve a pleasing patina; are slips, such as "epicure" for "Epicurus," do not check the npulses of friendly recognition and surprise, as when after rief absence a pretty woman reappears with a new fur coat.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

A Seventeenth-Century Mind

oems. By Ruth Pitter. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

RUTH PITTER'S poetry is almost a literary anachronism. She does not seem to have happened rightly in this twentieth century. Her poetry belongs much more certainly in the seventeenth century, not only in style of versification nd in language, but in its religious yearning. She has, therefore, a quality for the most part lost today, a quality, if it is uthentic, which should be timeless and true in poetry.

It is difficult to judge Miss Pitter as a poet: her poems are ull of literary echoes, so interwoven with them, in fact, that ne at times questions her own individuality of craftsmanship r of interpretation. It seems obvious that she has schooled erself in the lyrical manners of the seventeenth century and of he pre-Raphaelites. In her collected poems she includes examples of her many imitations of these older poets. Only now and hen does she strike free of them and write a poem which is listinctly her own. Such poems have beauty of music and an ntensity of mystic conviction:

NIGHT

This is Finality who lives in the dark.
Mistake me not, I say not she is fair,
For I'll not have my lady made a mark
To guide strayed sheep or hearten weak despair.
And here I sit with her. The secret air
Moves not her mantle, and her unknown mien
Makes a great empty stillness everywhere
Proclaiming black that which the day calls green,
And what is black by day, nothing, a shade.
Only that which is clear as snow can be
Discerned upon her dark; that's truth, I say,
Which by no blackness can obscure be made.
Small wonder, Lady, that fools fly from thee
And all who wish the eternal seek that way!

The somewhat archaic flavor of Miss Pitter's lines and her search after truth and beauty are refreshing. She should write well, once she clears herself of echoes.

EDA LOU WALTON

In the Vestment of Paradox

Identity and Reality. By Emile Meyerson. Authorized Translation by Kate Lowenberg. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THE works of M. Meyerson are in the French tradition of using the history of science for working out a logic of scientific method. They combine historical scholarship of the highest order, a lucid style, and a philosophic thesis that is vigorous and provoking in character. It is the combination of these qualities that has earned M. Meyerson's writing an increasing popularity among scientists, philosophers, and the general public, a popularity that is now beginning to spread from France into Germany, England, and the United States.

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Goethe's
FAUST
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"Identity and Reality," the first and most fundamental of M. Meyerson's works, was originally published in 1908, and it bears some of the marks of its date of origin. It starts out as an answer to the thesis of positivism, which was first enunciated by Auguste Comte and which was at that time being revived in the works of Mach. This is the view that science is concerned merely with the description of phenomena and the ascertainment of their empirical regularities or laws as a guide for human action and prevision. According to M. Meyerson this view of science is by far too narrow. Science does more than describe phenomena and chart their laws: it seeks to explain phenomena and to get at the ultimate structure of reality.

But in attempting to explain phenomena and to uncover the structure of reality, science is affected by the basic limitations of human reason. We shall get an idea of what these limitations are when we reflect upon the criticism we have been hearing more and more in recent years—that science gives us a static picture of reality. According to M. Meyerson things are much worse than this. Scientific explanations are for him reducible to a common type, and this type is the principle of causality, which in turn is guided by the logical principle of identity. In short, when we explain the flow of phenomena in time we simply bring them down to an antecedent cause and then apply the reasoning that A is A and cannot be anything else. In such an explanation we deny novelty and we deny diversity: we say that nothing has really happened and that the effect is simply a manifestation of the enduring and permanent cause.

If there is any doubt as to the manner in which the scientific explanation of reality is guided by the causal principle and its reliance on identity, we may examine the structure of the dominant ideas of modern science. M. Meyerson traces in succession the development of the principle of inertia, the conservation of mass and energy, and the belief in the unity of matter; and he shows how all of these ideas, so far from being experimentally demonstrated, are really the expression of the instinct for causal explanation, which is ever looking for something that is self-identical and permanent in time. The principle of inertia, he points out, may indeed be demonstrated experimentally though in a rather awkward fashion; in the case of the principles of conservation the experimental demonstration is always defective although the facts can be made to accord with the principles; finally, in the case of the unity of matter, the belief was actually contrary to experimental evidence for a long time, until at length it triumphed in the electrical theory of matter. Thus we see that these scientific principles, while far from being fictitious and untrue, are in a peculiar sense the product of the causal instinct which seeks to reduce reality to identity. If it directly finds an identity or an element of conservation in reality, well and good; if not, it may even impose the identity by violence—that is to say, by regarding the identity it postulates as privileged and inventing auxiliary hypotheses rather than abandon the cherished principle.

The ultimate goal of this causal method of explanation goes beyond the customary picture of a universe of material atoms behaving in billiard-ball fashion. The goal is the reduction of all diversity into sameness. Concretely it is the assimilation of matter with empty space, which is to say, the complete annihilation of the external world. Science, remarks M. Meyerson, is traveling on a path leading to complete *acosmism*, where it may be expected to meet philosophic idealism, which travels on a different road but tends to the same goal at infinity.

But while this progressive reduction of reality to identity is going on, reality reacts by posing the problem of the irrational. The irrational is for M. Meyerson something that cannot be reduced to causality and identity. Thus we cannot explain sensation on the ordinary mechanistic principles; nor can we explain within mechanism the action of one piece of matter on another. Finally, the most noteworthy example of the irrational is that which has forced science itself to modi its customary trend—it is the famous second law of therm dynamics, which, contrary to the ordinary laws of mechanic implies that there is real novelty in time and that the flow phenomena is in a definite and irreversible direction. The l reader may not directly see why this should be regarded irrational, but it is enough here to mention the repeated b vain efforts of scientists to reduce this second law to "rationa mechanical principles—that is to say, to principles which woul involve reversible reactions and the equality of past and futur

This, in substance, is M. Meyerson's double-barreled phil sophic thesis. On the one hand human reason tries to reduc reality to sterile identity; on the other hand reality rebels an proves in many of its aspects irrational and irreducible. Obv ously the dramatic effect and the contrast of the rational an the irrational depend upon the narrow interpretation which M Meyerson has given to the nature of rational explanation. Hi critics all raise the question whether his concepts should not b merged into a higher conception of rationality, and whether proper theory of causality should not embrace something mor than the application of the principle of identity. The criticisr is just. At the same time there is a certain advantage in M Meyerson's procedure. It clothes the truth in the colorful vest ment of paradox. And while paradox is not the only truth, a Chesterton says—one should rather say that the truth itself i not paradoxical at all—it is probably the best way of approach ing the truth.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

Books in Brief

Krupp. A Great Business Man Seen Through His Letters Edited by William Berdrow. Translated by E. W Dickes. The Dial Press. $5.

Friedrich Krupp, founder of the great steel enterprise which bears his name, died in 1826, leaving to his son Alfred a tiny business burdened with debt, "a belief in the future of steel, and a determination to work in the service of that belief.' The letters of Alfred now published reveal, in a dry and matter-of-fact record of projects, journeys, and events, the long, hard struggle of the son to convince the world, and especially Prussia and its conservative military experts, of the value of crucible steel, and his disheartening efforts to put the business on a paying basis. The slowness of his progress, in view of the world-wide repute which the Krupp name eventually acquired, is amazing. The turn of the tide came in 1851, with the Krupp exhibit at the London International Exhibition, but Krupp's fame as a gun-maker dates only from 1859, when he obtained from Prussia an order for 300 guns, and even after that success the profits of the works continued for many years to be derived principally from railway and shipbuilding material, and the practical monopoly of gun manufacture was won only after the Franco-Prussian war. Krupp had no sympathy with the trade-union movement and refused to allow his employees to form labor organizations, but he did his utmost to avoid the discharge of workers even when his establishments were running at a loss, and spent money liberally in philanthropic and welfare undertakings.

The New Generation. Edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen. The Macaulay Company. $5.

The fact that human beings are the victims of their own savage fears, their own arrogant egoisms, has always been most clearly marked in the attitude of society toward children. What a growth of sentimentality has kept the clear light of reason from penetrating to this nursery of all our human conceptions! The present book, cool, informed, and incisive, has

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The History of Biological Theories. By Emanuel Radl Translated and Adapted from the German by E. T Hatfield. Oxford University Press. $6.

Dr. Radl's work has deservedly achieved internationa notice. He writes well, and consequently a work undistin guished by any discovery wins a high place merely by facilitat ing the rediscovery of the familiar. Dr. Hatfield has translate only the half of Dr. Radl's work dealing with modern develop ments in biology. This half is occupied largely with a criticism of Darwinism. The criticism begins with impressive claims, bu ends in demonstrating that Darwinism is a hypothesis as ye unproved, which leaves the issue exactly where it was on th day after the publication of "The Origin of Species." This an a tendency to explain in terms of nationality and race what ca be explained in more tangible terms are the chief defects of th book, to counterbalance which there are a vivid and effective style and a full realization of the value of the historical metho in the study of biology—and in any science.

Drama

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I CANNOT imagine anybody's having more fun in a theater than can be had at "Once in a Lifetime," the lampooning of the movies and the talkies that Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman have written and Sam Harris has produced at the Music Box. Moreover, I cannot believe that anybody would be done out of at least 90 per cent of its possible fun by never having been to Hollywood and never having had any kind of encounter with "inside picture-making." It will have to be granted that the completely initiated will get a few grins and chuckles and warm satisfactions that the uninitiated will lose, but there is enough left over for everybody. Absolutely nobody should miss it, and I don't suppose that anybody will.

The authors introduce you to Hollywood at just that momentous time when the dirges were sounding for the silent pictures, and all the established stars, directors, authors, and what-not had to turn on a dime. They take you there in the persons of three not very distinguished vaudeville players who see in this upheaval the opportunity that comes just—thus the title.

What happens when they get there has, of course, nothing to do with faithful or honorable reporting. Apparently that was the last notion these authors entertained. But it was nobody's fool who said that anything had to be true before it could be funny. It is part of the joyous scheme of "Once in a Lifetime" that the hero should buy two thousand airplanes, and that they should swarm down on the horrified magnate in squads of fifty, but that scheme only works because magnates do buy twenty airplanes when two would do as well. It is uproariously comic to find an author sitting for the twenty-first day in an uncushioned chair in the reception room, waiting for the keeping of his appointment, only because so many authors have waited in hard places in Hollywood for at least two days and a half.

This is about the scale of "Once in a Lifetime." But let

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*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
*The Last Mile—Ambassador—beginning Monday, Sept. 22.
‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
A Farewell to Arms—National—208 W. 41 St.
The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
Once In a Lifetime—Music Box—45 St., W. of B'way.
Roadside—Longacre—220 W. 48 St.
Symphony in Two Flats—Shubert—44 St., W. of B'way.
That's Gratitude—John Golden—W. 58 St.

First Nights

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Mrs. Moonlight—Charles Hopkins—155 W. 49 St.

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The Theatre and Life—Heywood Broun—Monday evening, Oct. 6, Auditorium, Rand School, 7 E. 15 St., at 8:30.

Concerts

Florence Easton—Carnegie Hall—Oct. 13, evening.
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Atlantic, English Version—Cohan Theater—44 St. and B'way.
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it not be thought that Mr. Hart and Mr. Kaufman have fallen into the pitfalls of pure formulae. For every proffered extravaganza they have the saving grace to give you a hint of its healthy deflation. Three or four sane creatures move about in the bedlam. Perhaps an accurate estimate of this gorgeous fooling should include the acknowledgment of one flaw—you yourself may not even notice it—there is a very inferior love story dodging about in the piece.

"Have it or don't have it," one is moved to say, "but if you are going to have a romance, have a good one." This one merely gets in the way. It does not, however, get in the way much. There isn't that much of it. Incidentally, for an honor roll of acting, the cast of "Once in a Lifetime" ought to be dropped in almost intact. Hugh O'Connell and Jean Dixon are the chief players, and they can pick their own superlatives. George Kaufman makes his debut as an actor, and—this is no log-rolling—he is just swell. In this personal opinion, Grant Mills was miscast, or something. Otherwise, I double-star straight down the list.

It would be fine to be able to report as glowingly on the week's other dramatic opening, Laurence Stallings's arrangement of Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms." In any dramatization there is always the perpetual difficulty of pleasing you if you have read the book, of trying to sift out what you would have thought of the play if you hadn't read the book, of trying to measure either the advantage or the disadvantage of the transfer to a new mode of expression. Well, a personal opinion is the most you can give, and here it is for what it is worth: "A Farewell to Arms" in the theater is not a patch on what it was in a book. Perhaps it will seem better to those who never read it.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS STANLEY, associate editor of the *New Leader*, has previously published in *The Nation* articles on Matthew Woll and on the Illinois miners.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, has just published "The Soviets in World Affairs."

HAMILTON HOLT is the president of Rollins College.

JAMES MONTAGNES is a Canadian newspaper correspondent.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN is professor of English at Wells College.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is professor of English literature in Loyola University and one of the editors of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

HOLGER CAHILL is the author of "A Yankee Adventurer."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY is the dramatic critic of the *New Leader*.

EDA LOU WALTON is assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG will publish this fall a volume entitled "The Adventure of Science."

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